THE ANTIOCH WEEKLY NEWS.

[No.] 48. ANTIOCH, ILLS., NOVEMBER 29, 1888. $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

FULTON STREET MARKET DIRECTORY.

[..]NOONAN & CO. COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Stall 11 Fulton St., Wholesale Market.

[..] Hogs, Veal, Beef, Mutton and Poultry a Specialty.

Proceeds of Consignments Promptly Remitted.

[..]4824. Give Us a Trial.

[..]ER & SWEENEY,

[Whole]sale Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF

[Dressed] Beef, Hogs, Veal, Mutton, Poultry, Hides, Pelts, Tallow

General Produce, Etc.

Consignments Solicited, and proceeds promptly remitted. Tags and Market Reports sent fre[e].

[..]5 and 7 Fulton St.

WHOLESALE MARKET.

MILLER & ARMOUR,

Wholesale Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF

Dressed Beef, Hogs, Veal, Mutton, Poultry, Hides, Pelts, Tallow

GENERAL PRODUCE, ETC.

Consignments Solicited, and proceeds promptly remitted. Tags and Market Reports sent free on application.

MILLER & ARMOUR,

24 & 26 Fulton St.,

Wholesale Market, Corner Peoria, Chicago, Ill.

[S]ummers, Morrison & Co.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 174 South Water St., Chicago, Ill.

Ship us your Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Veal, Potatoes, Onions, Beans, or anything you may have. We want your trade and will make you prompt sales at highest market price and quick returns. Stencils, market reports and tags sent free on application. Let us hear from you.

REFERENCES: J. V. FARWELL & CO. METROPOLITAN NATIONAL BANK.

In conjunction with the Erie System, operates Daily Fast Solid Trains to [the Sea]board. You may travel in Palatial Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars, or Luxurious Pullman Day Coaches, and Save $1.50 to New York, Buffalo and Niagara Falls; $2.35 to Albany and Troy, and $3.00 to Boston and New England Cities.

THE ROYAL LINE OFFERS THE ADVANTAGES OF A SYSTEM OF THROUGH FIRST AND SECOND-CLASS DAY COACHES, CHICAGO TO NEW YORK. IT IS THE ONLY LINE OPERATING PULLMAN CARS TO BOSTON AND NEW ENGLAND VIA ALBANY.

For detailed information, tickets and reservations in Pullman cars, apply at City Ticket Office, 105 Clark Street, Grand Pacific Hotel, Palmer House or Dearborn Station.

T. W. BURROWS, Superintendent. A. M. WARRELL, City Pass. and Ticket Agent. F. C. DONALD, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

H. L. BROWN, ESTABLISHED 1870. H. H. BROWN.

H. L. BROWN & SON,

SPECIALTIES:

Veal, Poultry, Eggs, Game, Hides

PELTS AND TALLOW.

225 & 227 S. Water St., CHICAGO.

Refer to Metropolitan National Bank, and mercantile agencies of Bradstreet, and R. G. Dunn.

This Week's Bargains.

1888 Packing Sardines in Oil per can, 4 cents.
Kingsford's Silver Gloss Starch, per lb., 5 "
Granulated Sugar, per lb., 7¼ "
A 2-lb. Can Sugar Corn for, 7 "
A 3-Hoop Water Pail for, 8 "
1 Quart Bottle Best Black Writing Ink for, 19 "

[..]ines in oil per can, 4 cts.
[..] can Whortleberries, per can, 4 "
[..]s Blackberries, per can, 5 "
[..] Must'rd Sardines, 7 "
[..]ie Peaches, per can, 8 "
[..]il Mu't Tomatoes, per can 9 "
[..]ord Grapes, per can, 8 "
[..]ess Beans, 9 "
[..]eaches, 10 "
[..] Corn for, 10 "
[..]K BABIES—TENDER [..]SWEET.
[..]ing Apples for, 5 cts.
[..] "Soaked" Peas for, 7 "
[..] best Marrowfat Peas for, 10 "
[..] best Early June Peas for, 12½ "
[..]French Peas, per tin, 15 "
A 3 lb. can California Egg Plums for 12½ "
A 3 lb. " Gold Drop Plums for, 12½ "
A 2-lb. can Preserved Raspberries for 12½ "
A 2-lb. " Grated Pineapples for, 12½ "
A 3-lb. " Table Pears for, 15 "
A 3 lb. " California Muscat Grapes, 17 "
A 3 lb. " Apricots for, 10 "
A 3 lb. " Corn Beef for, 15 "
1-lb. can Finest Columbia River Salmon for, 15 "
Common Dried Peaches, per lb., 4 "
Best Turkish Prunes, per lb., 5 "
California Seedless Raisins, per lb., 7 "
Vostizza Currants, per lb., 8 "
Evaporated Blackberries, per lb., 9 "
Golden Dates, per lb., 9 "
Alden Evaporated Apples, per lb., 9 "
Large California Plums, per lb., 13 "
Evaporated California Pears, per lb., 13 "
Evaporated Apricots, per lb., 15 "
New Prunelles, per lb., 18 "
A 2½-lb box Layer Figs, per lb., 18 "
Evaporated California Peaches, per lb. 14 "
Evaporated Raspberries, per lb., 30 "
80 bars Standard Family Soap for, $1.00
85 " Palm Leaf S[oap], 1.00
[..] Soap [..], 1.00
[..]ly Starch, 20 cts.
[..]undry Blueing, 88 "
[..] Japan Tea Dust, per lb., 10 "
Moyune Young Hyson Tea, per lb. 18 "

A Green Japan Tea, per lb., 19 cts.
A Basket Fired Japan Tea, per lb., 19 "
A Fine Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb. 25 "
A Good Oolong Tea per lb., 25 "
A " Gunpowder Tea, per lb., 25 "
A " English Breakfast Tea, per lb. 25 "
An extra Gunpowder Tea per lb., 33 "
An " Oolong Tea, per lb., 33 "
An " English Breakfast Tea, per lb. 33 "
A fine roasted Java Coffee, per lb., 25 "
Imported Maccaroni, per lb. package, 10 "
American Chees, per lb., 8 "
Finest Herkimer County, New York, Full Cream Cheese, per lb., 10 "
Neufchatel Cheese, per pkg., 5 "
Edam Cheese in foil, each, 90 "
Brick Cheese, per lb., 10 "
Swiss " 18 "
A 5-lb. pkg. Self-Raising Buckwheat Flour for, 27 "
A quart jug old fashioned Maple Syrup 29 "
A gallon can Pure Maple Syrup for, 90 "
Old and Dry Pop Corn, per lb., 5 "
A large bottle Horseradish for, 10 "
Salad Dressing, per bottle, 10 "
Half Pint Bottle Imported Worcestershire Sauce for, 10 "
A good Toilet Soap, per cake, 3 "
Coconut Toilet Soap, per doz., 35 "
Epps' Cocoa, per tin, 10 "
Elastic Starch (flat iron brand) per pkg 7 "
A good Door Mat for, 55 "
A Towel Roller for, 9 "
A 8-arm Towel Rack for, 8 "
25 balls American "Bell" Blue for, 8 "
5 lbs. Star Bulk Baking Powder for, 80 "
An 8½-lb. pail Purity Creamery Butterine for, $1.70

Do not let the name Butterine frighten you—our business is to furnish you with good goods at reasonable prices, and save you from the high-priced grocers, who will tell you that nothing is good but what they offer you that is, to get good butter you must pay 35 or 40 cents per lb. for it. We would urge such as are being imposed up in this way to try Purity Creamery Butterine; it is healthier, cleaner, better flavored, less liable to spoil, and will butter, in addition to which it will cost you about one-half what some grocers will charge you for their butter, that does not give as good satisfaction as our "Purity" Creamery Butterine.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

68 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

INSIDE.

Plenty of money to buy drinks and cigars, but thinks himself too poor to buy a Horse Blanket.

OUTSIDE.

Two or three dollars spent for one of the following strong 5/A Horse Blankets would have made his horse worth a hundred dollars more.

5/A Five Mile. Has Five Miles of Warp Threads.
5/A Boss Stable. Strongest Horse Blanket Made.
5/A Electric. Just the thing for Out-Door Use.
5/A Extra Test. Something New, Very Strong.
30 other styles. At prices to suit everybody.

For sale by all dealers.

None genuine without this 5/A Trade Mark sewed inside. [Copyrighted 1888, by Wm. Ayres & Sons.]

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in Cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO. NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. Sold by Druggists.

W. W. Kimball Co.

HALLET & DAVIS

EMERSON

AND KIMBALL

PIANOS

AND

KIMBALL ORGANS

Cash or Monthly Payments,

SEND FOR TERMS AND PRICES.

STATE & JACKSON STREETS, CHICAGO.

The Wizard Hat Rack!

Just the thing for show goods and price marks in shop windows.

Carry in vest pocket. [..] quarter, [..] church.

Agents Wanted! Sample and terms 10c, 4 for 25c. Address, L. E. CRANDALL & CO., 106 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

Epsteau's Dime Museum,

109 to 113 E. Randolph St.

New Curiosities Each Week.

AGENTS WANTED! To canvass for one of the largest, oldest established, BEST KNOWN Nurseries in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY, Established 1846. W. & T. SMITH, GENEVA, N. Y.

Haines' Parliamentary Law [..] The Legal Adviser, 78 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

LIBERTYVILLE.

[..] old boots were [..]

Miss Fannie Bond and Mr. Horace Bulkley were married to-day at the residence of the bride's parents. A large number of friends and relatives of the happy pair were present. Miss Fannie is one of the finest of Libertyville's fair daughters, and many wishes for her future are expressed on every hand.

A large number of our citizens "took in" the cattle show at Chicago last week.

A Council of the Royal Arcanum Order will be started here within a short time.

Grandmother French, who is now 97 years of age, made a visit alone last week with the family of Mr. Ed. Parkhurst.

David Fisher has been taking Frank Beckwell's place.

J. K. Hilles is on deck again and can attend to your city business for you.

LIBERTYVILLE ACCOMODATION leaves the village at 7:10 daily. Leaves Chicago at 5:35 daily.

E. L. DuBois, Agent.

Trains stop on signals at Randout as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH
No. 5..........9:15 a. m.	No. 82 dp.......7:25 a. m.
..........4:00 p. m.	" 12..........9:15 a. m.
..........7:10 p. m.	" 10..........2:43 p. m

HIGHLAND PARK.

Council meets next Tuesday evening.

Several of our prominent citizens were invited into the Royal Arcanum Council Monday evening.

A freight getting off the track at Gray's Siding Saturday morning delayed some of the regular trains, but at 7:30 a train was made up here, and at 9 o'clock all others were running as usual.

The Kindergarten at Fort Sheridan is attracting much attention and promises to be a success.

The Young Ladies' Catholic Sodality will give an oyster supper in McDonald's Hall Thanksgiving eve. A dance will be indulged in afterward. All are invited.

The Historical Club met Friday evening at the residence of city attorney Smoot.

W. J. Loveys is organizing councils in several parts of Lake County. The Royal Arcanum is a very popular society and is growing rapidly.

The Water Main Ordinances have now all been passed and published, and Water Works are assured, likewise the future of Highland Park.

It seems to be generally understood that the military academy will be rebuilt in the early part of the new year.

The thanksgiving celebration promises to draw a full house at the Presbyterian Church Thursday morning. The programme was arranged by Pastor Neill and embraces: "Our American Institutions, by Ex-Mayor William A James; "The Home and Family," by Professor Elisha Gray; "The New England School House and What Has Grown Out of It," by Major H. P. Davidson; "The Indebtedness of the Nation to the Church," by Rev. Henry Neill, and an original hymn by Rev. J. B. L. Soule.

Captain Miller and Post Surgeon Appel will give a party to their friends at McDonald's Hall, Tuesday evening, Dec. 4.

Wednesday afternoon, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Redhed, Waukegan, Miss Hannah Redhed was married to Robert Mutaw, of Gurnee, by Rev. L. T. Bush. The friends and guests were numerous.

Read the Water Main Ordinances in this weeks paper.

C. B. Soule was in Cincinnati this week on a business venture.

Royal Arcanum Council celebrated its first annual existence in Highland Park, Monday evening. Members from Lake Forest and other Councils were present. A banquet was served by Brother Meyners, and the evening was otherwise spent in speeches, songs, select readings and story telling. The Council here is growing and prosperous.

Marshall Wenben, of Lake Forest, was in town Monday.

Messrs. Bairston Bros., of Waukegan, have been improving their counting rooms and offices by elaborate extension and charming decoration. They now have as handsome a business office as there is in Lake County.

ANTIOCH HOME NEWS.

J. B. Kupfer, manufacturer of the celebrated Kenosha Crackers, was in our village Thursday.

C. C. Morse, of Hainesville, made our office a call Saturday.

A new barber arrived in town Friday, a Mr. Thompson, who hails from Pullman, Ills. We understand he is a first-class workman, and have concluded to submit our jaw for a shave when we can find the where-with-all to pay for shaving by the yard, as that is the length of our face since loosing election wagers.

Wm. Farmer, editor of "*The Lake County Call*," was in our village Saturday, and made our office a pleasant visit; glad to see you neighbor and learn that the *Call* is extending its weekly visits and growing deservedly popular.

The Phoenix Dramatic Company of Antioch, under the auspices of Good Templar Lodge, will present the beautiful spectacular drama "Among the Breakers," at Rogers' Hall, on Monday and Tuesday evenings, December 10th and 11th. This drama is one of the very best and every one should see it. Admission, adults, 25 cents; Children, 15 cents; reserved seats, 35 cents.

The genial face and form of editor Riggs, of the *Richmond Recorder* darkened our sanctum last Saturday while we were busily engaged wrestling with a refractory proof, and propounded the usual interrogatory "Is the editor in?" A mild affirmative answer elicited the fact (?) that he called to give us a threshing, and desired to know if we thought he was big enough? Now Riggs is a big fellow, in fact a heavy weight, but after scanning his pleasant countenance we concluded he was not big enough and frankly told him so. This seemed to have the desired effect, and the editorial hand was frankly extended with the announcement that his name was *Riggs of the Recorder*. In a pleasant conversation of some ten minutes we were favorably impressed with the general appearance and conversation of Mr. Riggs, and find him to be a genial, affable man, and a news gatherer from way-back, with a happy faculty of making the best of the situation, and smiling when others would wear a frown. We were pleased to hear that the *Recorder* was prospering finely, and among the list of our exchanges we find it to be one of the newsiest, brightest and best. Editor Riggs informed us that he always had maintained a policy of striking back when he was hit, and then forgetting and forgiving the offense. That's right and just the kind of a man we like to meet, and would say to our talented brother, if we ever hit you hit back again and from the shoulder, and when we are unable to hold our end of the wordy warfare we will hide behind the abutments and send out a flag of truce. Call again, neigh-

bor, our latch-string always hangs out and we shall at all times be glad to see you.

Sheriff Webb was in town Saturday.

Morris Proctor is buying poultry for the Chicago market; he was paying 7½ cts. for Turkeys last week.

L. M. Haynes has secured an agency for the Mason and Hamlon organs with the new *arolian harp Lonplement*, also deals in sewing machines. Call and see the sample organ at his residence and learn prices.

Parties desiring to erect new buildings should consult Jerome Smith before making out their bills for lumber, as he is in a position to save you money on your lumber purchases.

Did you have Turkey for thanksgiving or *only a plain bill of fare?* Ours was a plain bill but we were thankful just the same.

Aldora Harton and wife have moved to the *place recently purchased by W. S. Westlake.* (The Wilson farm near Pikeville.)

Mrs. Dr. Ames, Miss Ida James, B. O. Drom, Charles Van Patten and J. C. James, Jr., were elected as delegates to attend the District Lodge meeting in Chicago Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, as representatives from Antioch Good Templar Lodge.

A rush of job work during the past two weeks has kept *ye scribe* kicking (the rotary) nearly all the time, as our "devil" is a more ornamental than useful factor, our news items are consequently limited.

James Dunn and Mrs. Churchell Edward will sell at Public Auction on the Churchel *Edwards farm*, 2¼ miles southwest of Antioch village on Monday, December 3d, the following property: 1 Span of Mares, 7 Cows *coming in soon*, 2 Heifers coming in soon, 7 Yearlings, 4 Calves, 1 Combined Reaper and Mower, 1 Single Mower, 1 Sulky Cultivator, 1 Horse Corn Planter, 1 pair of trucks, Lumber Wagon, Double Harness, Single Harness, Hay Rack Drag and other articles.

TERMS OF SALE: All sums of $10.00 or under cash, on all sums over $10.00 one years time on good approved notes with interest at 6 per cent. WALTER WHITE, Auctioneers

The Intioch Social Club held a meeting at their club rooms last Saturday evening, and after being legally advised, we learn the case of the People vs. B. S. Van Patten will be appealed from the Circuit to the Appelate Court, and another meeting of the club will soon be held.

Did you ever give any thought to the waste these is in dressing Poultry, or the loss in weight from the fowl alive to the foul prepared, or why one market requires all Poultry to be drawn; heads and feet off, while another will take it with only the feathers off? Or why some markets will pay higher prices for undrawn than for drawn stock?

B[..]ett Bros, of Chicago, whose card is in our advertising columns; who are large dealers in Poultry and Game, say, however, that these are facts. Poultry shippers who wish to know about it might write; they will certainly lose nothing, for the firm is thoroughly responsible.

THE CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

Penetrates the Centres of Population in

ILLINOIS, IOWA,
WISCONSIN,
MICHIGAN,
MINNESOTA,
DAKOTA,
NEBRASKA and
WYOMING

Its TRAIN SERVICE is carefully arranged to meet requirements of local travel, as well as to furnish the most attractive Route for through travel between important

TRADE CENTRES.

Its EQUIPMENT of Day and Parlor Cars, Dining and Palace Sleeping Cars is without a rival.

Its ROAD-BED is perfection, of stone-balasted steel.

The North-Western is the favorite route for the Commercial Traveler, the Tourist and the Seekers after New Homes in the Golden Northwest.

Detailed information cheerfully furnished by

J. M. WHITMAN, Gen. Mangr. H. C. WICKER, Traffic Mangr.

E. P. WILSON, General Passenger Agent.

HENRY B. BOND. Established 1866. OSCAR R. WHITCOMB.

BOND & WHITCOMB, Wholesale dealers in Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Game, Furs, Broom Corn, Etc., No. 191 S. Water St., Chicago.

STEKETEE'S

Dry Bitters

BEST TONIC KNOWN.

Make Your Own Bitters.

Why pay a Dollar for a bottle of Stomach Bitters, containing more poor whisky than medicine, when the undersigned will send you by mail one 4-oz. package of Imported German Roots, Herbs and Berries, which will make One Gallon of the best TONIC any one ever used. The use of this Tonic has cured Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Billiousness, Fever and Ague; as an appetizer none better, acts on the Kidneys and general debility, and gives Tonic to the Stomach; in fact, I challenge all other Tonics. It is far the cheapest Tonic ever known. One package will equal one dozen of ordinary bottles of bitters sold for one dollar per bottle. Full directions on every package. Ask your druggist for "Steketee's Dry Bitters." If your druggist does not keep them on sale, then send to the undersigned. I will send one package to any address within the U. S. on receipt of 30c., or two packages for 50c. U. S. stamps taken in payment. Each double package sent by mail containing a sample of STEKETEE'S NEURALGIA DROPS. Trial bottle of the Drops, [..]

N. B.—I am the only inventor of a sure cure for PIN WORMS. Ask your druggist for "Steketee's Pin Worm Destroyer." 25c by mail. Address

GEO. G. STEKETEE,

Grand Rapids, - Mich.

Mention this paper when you order.

Our Special List.

South Water Street Commission Firms Whose Reliability is Vouched for.

Ship Your Produce to WAYNE & LOW, Fruit and Produce Commission Merchants, 185 SOUTH WATER STREET, CHICAGO. John W. Low, S. A. Wheelock, H. E. Worden.

C. W. KOSSACK. D. B. WARNER.

C. W. KOSSACK & CO., GENERAL PRODUCE AND COMMISSION. WHOLESALE DEALERS AND SHIPPERS OF Potatoes, Apples, Butter, Eggs, Veal, Poultry, Fruit, Etc. Tags Free. 25 Market Street, CHICAGO.

ADDISON MILLER & CO. COMMISSION. CALVES AND POULTRY. 164 South Water Street, CHICAGO. Refer to our Bank, Metropolitan National. We are now prepared to handle Poultry and furnish coops and tags Free. Have the best Calf salesman in Chicago. Give us a trial.

ESTABLISHED 1858. Oldest Produce Commission House in Chicago. T. D. Randall & Co., GENERAL COMMISSION. Game, Poultry, Butter and Eggs a Specialty. Veal, Hides, Etc. 219 South Water St., - Chicago.

ROBERT W. BRANDT, Member of Produce Exchange. COMMISSION MERCHANT! Wholesale Dealer in Produce. 172½ S. Water Street, Chicago. References—Bank of Benton Harbor, E. C. & C. Degrand, Prairie State Loan & Trust Bank, Reid, Murdoch & Fisher, the Fennville City Bank, Exchange Bank, Saugatuck.

POULTRY! For the next three months ship your Poultry, Butter, Eggs and Calves to H. B. BRIGGS, 195 South Water Street, - Chicago. Having large orders to fill in the above products, I am in a position to get you the best market price. Returns prompt and Tags Free.

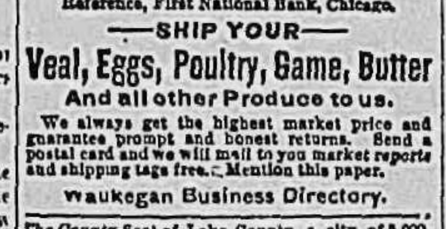
GEO. F. BARTELME. A. STALLWOOD. Bartelme & Stallwood, (Successors to E. B. Chapman & Co.) General Commission Merchants! and wholesale dealers in Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Veal, Hogs, Hides, Etc. 140 South Water Street, Chicago. Reference: Chicago National Bank.

H. G. DABLE & Co. GENERAL Commission Merchants. For the sale of Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Veal, Hides, etc. Tags Free. Refer to Hide and Leather Bank. 184 S. Water St., Chicago. Mention this paper. Chicago Commission Merchants.

BUTTER & EGGS. POULTRY & GAME. FROST BROS., General Commission Merchants, 124 S. Water St., Chicago. References—Hide and Leather National Bank. O. W. Barrett, General Agent American Express Co. Samuel Faulkner, Manager Proctor & Gamble, 45 Wabash Ave.

DAIRY BUTTER A SPECIALTY. Geo. Middendorf, General Produce >COMMISSION ◇ MERCHANT< —IN— Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Game, Veal, Hides, Dressed Hogs, &c. 148 & 150 SOUTH WATER STREET. REFER TO FIRST NATIONAL BANK. Cold Storage. Chicago.

ESTABLISHED 1877. TO SHIPPERS OF POULTRY & VEAL Also BUTTER and EGGS. Our efforts to obtain the best market prices for these articles have met with such success that we ask your consideration. Having made a Specialty of these we are confident of our ability to do as well as any can be done. Send for our SPECIAL BULLETIN. It will cost you nothing and will pay you well. Tags free at the local express offices. H. HANCE & CO., Produce Com. Merch'ts, 220 S. WATER ST. REFERENCE: S. A. Kean & Co.



Reference, First National Bank, Chicago. —SHIP YOUR— Veal, Eggs, Poultry, Game, Butter And all other Produce to us. We always get the highest market price and guarantee prompt and honest returns. Send a postal card and we will mail to you market reports and shipping tags free. Mention this paper.

Waukegan Business Directory. The County Seat of Lake County, a city of 5,000, and wide awake business men. This paper is widely read.

WAUKEGAN HOUSE, C. A. MURRAY, Proprietor. Waukegan, Illinois.

DR. F. THOMPSON, D-E-N-T-I-S-T. (And Coroner of Lake County.) WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS.

Railway Surveys and Estimates of Cost. CHAS. P. WESTERFIELD, Civil Engineer and Surveyor. Township and Village Maps.

CITY HOTEL, WAUKEGAN, ILL. WALTER McGREGOR, :: PROPRIETOR. Refitted and refurnished. Elegant service and good table. Reasonable rates. Good stabling for teams.

FISHER HOUSE, C. P. FISHER, Proprietor. Good accommodations for drovers and teams. Stage meets all trains on C., M. & St. P. R. R. at Libertyville Junction. LIBERTYVILLE, ILLINOIS.

JAMES TRIGGS, DEALER IN Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Lard, and Bacon. Has a fine supply of Canned and Fresh Fruits. Early Vegetables fresh from the garden. Opposite Postoffice, Libertyville, Ill.

J. J. HUNTER. THOS. T[..]. J. J. HUNTER & CO., General Commission Merchants. Ship your Calves, Veal, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Pelts, Hides and Tallow. Best Prices. Prompt Returns. Tags Free. Stall No. 18 Fulton St., Wholesale Market, Chicago, Ill.

PAINT YOUR BUGGY for ONE DOLLAR. Use Only COIT & CO'S ONE-COAT BUGGY PAINT. Paint Friday, run it to Church Sunday. Eight Fashionable Shades: Black, Maroon, Vermilion, Blue, Yellow, Olive Lake, Brewster and Wagon Greens. No Varnishing necessary. Dries hard with a "shine." One Coat and job is done. Indispensable to Farmers, Livery-Stable Keepers, and Repair Shops. The greatest money-saving invention of the age. Excellent for Lawn Seats, Flower Pots, Baby Carriages, Screen Doors, Furniture, Store Fronts, etc. Just the thing for the ladies to use about the house. Avoid worthless imitations. We warrant ours not to turn white and to wear at least one year. A quart does a buggy complete.

COIT & CO'S HONEST HOUSE-PAINT. Are you going to Paint this year? If so don't buy a paint containing water or benzine when for the same money you can procure COIT & CO'S PURE PAINT that is warranted to be an HONEST, GENUINE LINSEED-OIL PAINT and free from water and benzine. Demand this brand and take no other. Merchants handling it are our agents and authorized by us, in writing, to warrant it to wear 5 YEARS with 2 COATS or 3 YEARS with 1 COAT. Our Shades are the Latest Styles used in the East now becoming so popular in the West, and up with the times. Try this brand of HONEST PAINT. You will never regret it. You run no risk. Every job and every gallon warranted.

FLOOR-PAINT that WONT DRY STICKY. Ever buy Floor Paint that never dried beyond the sticky point, waste a week, spoil the job, then swear? Next time buy COIT'S FLOOR-PAINT, 4 suitable shades, warranted to dry hard as a rock over night. No trouble. No swearing. Be suspicious when substitutes are offered by Dealers, stating that "they are as good" as ours. It is not so. Cheap imitations cost less, give more profit but no satisfaction; and life is too short to waste time and money on them. COIT & CO., of CHICAGO, Manufacturers.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

WM. E. MASON. LAWRENCE M. ENNIS. MASON, ENNIS & BATES, Attorneys & Counselors at Law, Rooms 37, 38, 39 and 40 Unity Building, 79 Dearborn Street, Telephone No. 5063, CHICAGO.

FLANINGHAM & HILLES, Attorneys ◇ At ◇ Law, 85 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. The drawing of deeds, wills and mortgages, and the settlement of estates, and examination of abstracts of title receive special attention. Collections also made.

Physicians.

S. GALLOWAY, Physician and Surgeon, Libertyville. Surgery a specialty; all calls promptly attended. Office and residence, first house north of flax mill.

NORMAN J. ROBERTS, Surgeon Dentist and Oral Surgeon. Office over Steele & Fox's Store, Waukegan, Ill.

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English Boots.

"Science covers a good deal of ground," said a man to a New York Sun reporter; "but there is one thing that I can not explain, and that is why boots which are bought in England, and which fit one perfectly there, are utterly useless on this side of the water. In my own case I have tried the plan of buying boots in England half a dozen times and never with success. They are much [..] there, besides being a trifle [..] shapely than the work of our shoemakers on this side of the water, hence travelers are anxious to bring over a stock of shoes with them. It is a great mistake, for the English-made boots are simply useless here. They breed corns and cramp the foot. It is asserted that this is partly due to the fact that the English climate is more moist than ours, but this does not seem sensible, for moist invariably swells the feet and hands, as anybody knows who has tried to put on gloves in a hot ball-room. I went to a corn doctor this morning and he told me that three men in his establishment treated on an average over 100 people a day. They charge 25 cents a corn on this side, whereas the price in London is $1 a foot—a human foot, by the way—but corns in the ordinary acceptation of the term are unknown in London, all of which is probably due to the climate."

Playing at Soldier.

With the advent of William II. the spirit of Prussian militarism is becoming more and more apparent. Until then it has been tempered by the advanced age of Wilhelm I. and the supposed liberalism of Friedrich III.; but nothing can be so characteristic of the tendency of Prussian aspirations, so comical, and at the same time more sad, than the way in which the sons of the Kaiser are brought up at Oberhof. The Kaiser, who is very partial of being photographed with his children, is of the opinion that they are better away, both from himself and their mother, and therefore has sent them to a distance of twelve hours by road from Berlin, with their civil and military attendants.

And this is what is to be seen at Oberhof: Three small boys, aged respectively 6, 5, and 4 years, dressed in military uniform, booted and spurred, and dragging a sword. Apparelled in this fashion they study and strut about day after day.

In the playground a bastion has been constructed and armed with a couple of cannon, and at a distance of one hundred yards or so there is a bivouac. On this spot, while one of the Princes lustily beats a drum, the other two march up and down in military style, with rifle to shoulder. Three non-commissioned officers—two on foot and one on horseback—join in their pastime and teach them their drill. The ladies-in-waiting are posted a short distance off, in attendance on the baby Prince, who is dressed in a long white frock, but wears a small cuirassier's undress cap.

The Kronprinz appears to take great delight in these exercises. He is anxious to have military matters fully explained to him, and on one occasion, when he had been informed on the subject of camp life, exclaimed: "But in camp one may smoke a pipe."

Let it be understood that this is no mere playing at soldiers. It is quite a serious affair, for just lately on the occasion of the Second Battalion and Sixth Infantry Regiment marching past the chateau of Oberhof the Princes came out and took up a position in front of the gates, and as soon as the first line of men were abreast of them the Kronprinz gave the word of command, "Present arms."

They are not only taught the ways but some expressions pertinent to barrack life. They ask to drink in the fashion common to Prussian soldiers, they sit at small beer tables and have their beer served in books. In this way the Prussian military legend is sustained. They are soldiers already, these poor infants—almost before they know right from wrong.—*London Star.*

A Midshipman's Chest.

Each chest contains all the worldly possessions of one officer, which, thus packed, are as inaccessible as they well can be. Immediately under the lid are three or four shallow trays. One of these is fitted as a washstand, with basin, mug, soap-dish, and receptacle for tooth-brushes. Another till is a sort of loose box for everything; while a third contains a miscellaneous collection of neckties, handkerchiefs, pipes, money, and a limited stock of jewelry. Under these trays, and packed more or less tidily, according to the tendencies of the marine servant who "looks after" each young gentleman, are his uniforms, suits of plain clothes, boots, linen, and articles of haberdashery. After this explanation, my readers will not find it difficult to understand why the expression "everything on top, and nothing at hand, like a midshipman's chest," is commonly applied to any chaotic disarrangement on board ship.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Persian name for Americans is Yange Doon-ya, which means a dweller of the new world. The first word sounds very much like Yankee in pronunciation.

Sugar barrels are no longer wasted. They are bought at second hand and broken up; the staves are then washed, packed in bundles and sent back to the West Indies at a profit, to be rehooped.

Sothern's Practical Joke.

One day the elder Sothern, who was a famous practical joker as well as author, went with Mrs. Wood into an ironmonger's shop and asked for a copy of Macaulay's "History of England." "We do not sell books, sir," said the assistant. "This is an ironmonger's shop." "Well, I'm not particular," said Sothern, pretending to be deaf; "I don't care whether it is bound in calf or Russia." "But this is not a book-seller's," shouted the assistant. "All right," said Sothern, "wrap it up neatly. I want to take it. Send it down to the hotel. It's for a present I wish to make to a relative." "We don't keep it," shouted the assistant, getting red in the face. "Do it up as if it were for your own mother. I don't want anything better than that," said Sothern. "I would like to write my name on the fly-leaf." "Sir," bawled the assistant at the top of his voice, "can't you see we do not keep books?" "Very well," said Sothern, quite undisturbed, "I will wait for it." The clerk appealed to his master and said he thought the customer must be off his head. "What is it, sir? What do you desire?" he said to Sothern. "I want to buy a file," said the actor. [..]

Principal—"What part of speech is 'I'?" Chorus of Normal [..] Girls—"A conjunction [..]"

ANTIOCH NEWS.
J. BURKE, MANAGER.
ANTIOCH. - ILLINOIS

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The Lord Mayor of London.

From an article in the *Century* on the "Guilds of London" we quote the following:

"The Lord Mayor is elected from the twenty-six aldermen or heads of the wards into which the city is divided by the votes of the Livery; that is, of the members of the several guilds of the city. He is elected at the Guildhall, on the feast of St. Michael, the Archangel. Few more interesting ceremonies are to be seen in England. A wooden screen is erected outside the Guildhall, with many doorways in it. At each is stationed the beadle of a guild, who is expected to know all the liverymen of his company, and so to prevent unauthorized persons from entering. The hall of the Guildhall is strewn with sweet herbs, perhaps the last surviving instance of the medieval method of carpeting a hall. The twenty-six aldermen come in, all in scarlet gowns. The recorder, or law-officer of the city, rises, bows to the Lord Mayor and the assembled liverymen, and makes a little speech, declaring how from the time of King John they have had grants of certain rights of election. The Lord Mayor and aldermen then go out; another law-officer, the common sergeant, repeats what the recorder has already said, and tells the liverymen that they must name two for the office of Lord Mayor, of whom the Lord Mayor and aldermen will select one. Two names are then chosen, and are carried to the aldermen by the heads of some of the chief guilds. One is selected, and thereupon the Lord Mayor and the aldermen return to the Guildhall and sit down, the chosen future Lord Mayor sitting on the left of the actual Lord Mayor. The recorder again rises and reads the two names and the one selected, and asks the liverymen if it is their free election, 'Yea or No.' They shout 'Yea,' and the sword-bearer thereupon takes off the fur tippet of the Lord Mayor to be, and puts a chain around his neck. On the 8th of November there is another meeting in the Guildhall. The old Lord Mayor rises and gives the new one his seat. The chamberlain of the city then approaches with three solemn bows, and hands to the new Lord Mayor a jeweled scepter, the common seal of the city, and an ancient purse. The sword-bearer next advances, and bowing three times, each time with increased reverence, gives the Lord Mayor elect the great two-handed sword of state, which symbolizes justice and legal supremacy. The crier, with bows equal in number and profundity to those of the sword-bearer, next approaches, and presents the mace. The aldermen and sheriffs then congratulate their new chief, who proceeds to sign certain documents, and among them a receipt for the city plate. Last of all, he is presented with the keys of the standard weights and measures deposited in his custody. The meeting then breaks up, and the old Lord Mayor goes back to the Mansion House, his official residence, for the last time.

"The next day, the 9th of November, is known in London as Lord Mayor's Day, because on that morning the new Lord Mayor takes office in the Guildhall. He drives thence through the ward of which he is alderman, and proceeds in gaudy procession to the courts of law within the bounds of Westminster. Before his coach are running footmen, and there is a long procession of the carriages of the aldermen and of the heads of the several guilds, and of the main body of his own guild, all in their best official gowns. The banners of the guilds, their beadles, and pageants, which vary according to each Lord Mayor's taste, make up a wonderful show, which, as it winds in and out the narrow streets of the city, enlivens them with brilliant color. Though often decried because it obstructs business for one day, should the progress of modern times abolish the custom it would be regreted by all who have witnessed it.

"The Lord Mayor is presented to the Lord Chief Justice of England, takes an oath of fidelity, and calls on the judges of the several divisions of the High Court of Justice and invites them to dinner. The judges always reply somewhat haughtily that some of them will attend, and the Lord Mayor then returns to the city, in which for a year he is to be the greatest person, obliged to give place only when the Queen herself comes."

MEXICAN FLIRTS.

Some of the Characteristics of the Beautiful Mexican Senoritas Who Frequent the Alameda.

Keen Chaperons Who Watch Their Charges Closely—Mexican Dudes and Their Ways.

Quite a sensation was created in Alameda park one Sunday not long ago, says a Mexico City writer to the Dallas Texas, *News*, by one of the best known and wealthiest mammas of the Mexican capital, who boxed her daughter's ears for flirting. The lovely senoritas who throng this popular resort every bright afternoon are always accompanied by stately chaperons, who are supposed to repress any tendency to flirtation. But the artful senoritas know how to deceive them, and sometimes the chaperon, remembering her own weakness before the roses had faded from her cheeks, looks the other way when the particular young man of whom she has heard so many secrets is in sight. It is small wonder that the Mexican girl, whose pulses are quick, and who is compelled to see her lover only when her mamma can see them both, is given to flirting. Are not her eyes the admiration of the world, and why should she not know how to use them? Are not her ankles perfect, and is this gift of nature to be concealed from all eyes but her own? While the senorita believes in making the most of her charms she is never bold or suggestive in her conduct on the street. The Alameda is her favorite resort.

It is one of the prettiest parks in the world, comprising about twenty-five or twenty-six acres in the very heart of the city, laid off into smooth walks between patches of the brightest and greenest turf or beds of roses and flowering shrubs in bloom all the year round, and overshadowed by immense trees, beneath whose protecting arms are placed many rows of benches where the lounger can sit at ease and hear the finest bands that the Mexican army can produce.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

The broad alley at the entrance of the Alameda is occupied, on the shady side, by two rows of plain white wooden chairs facing each other, with the width of the walk between them, for on these delightful Sunday mornings there are not benches enough for the crowd, and the richer don't mind a real (12 1-2 cents) for the privilege of sitting apart from the common herd. Accordingly, this first alley is lined on the southern side by staid papas that represent no one knows how many bags of dollars every one, by vigilant mammas, verjuiced maiden aunts, or by other wide-awake chaperons, attendant on a long row of the prettiest and richest girls in the city, sandwiched by ones or twos between their elders. The row on the other side of the alley, though far from being so densely occupied, is by no means empty, for there sit, caparisoned in all the panoply of conquest that the male armory supplies, the lovers, accepted or aspiring of the fair ladies on the other side, and we may wager that, for however vigilant the duennas may be, there are many glances and smiles exchanged that are all the sweeter for being on the sly. There are other chairs in other shady spots, almost all occupied, and many ladies promenading around, and in order that no fair one may escape there is a row, fifty yards long, of dudes

FACES FROM THE ALAMEDA.

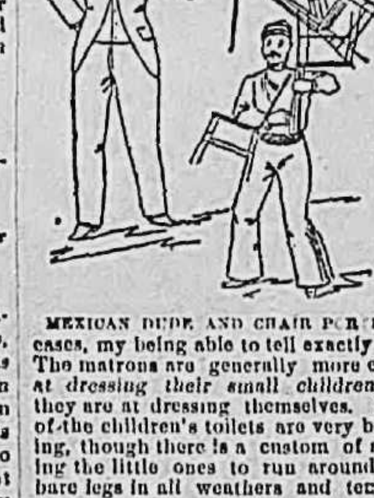
at the inner end of the entrance alley, formed with all precision into two files, between which the fair promenaders must pass. Every one is dressed up to the nines, and the appearance of the grounds, with the bright sunshine, the flowers, the vivid green of the grass, and innumerable moving groups of young and old, pretty faces and bright smiles, the nurses in sober costumes, with children bright-eyed and handsome, clad in the prettiest costumes that can be imagined by taste and love, is like a scene from a fairy land. Among the more soberly clad civilians roam officers in gold lace, or privates in blue and scarlet; here is a knot of frock-coated cadets from the military school at Chapultepec, and now and again passes a squad of exercising recruits in drab linen uniforms, vigilantly watched by a few officers.

Above the chatter and laughter, and the rustling of dresses, borne in the soft, perfume-laden air, comes the sound of sweet music.

As in most Spanish-American countries, paint and powder are freely used here to conceal the ravages of time or to aid the charms of nature. The main guiding principles of their application seem to be to try how much of both can be put on. I have seen many young girls of only 14 years of age so thickly powdered that they seem to be wearing a mask.

The most remarkable part of the beauty of the Mexicans is their small and elegant feet. I certainly have seen as pretty feet belonging to American ladies as any that I have noticed here, but they are much rarer. One reason for this is that the Mexican dress to the feet, being ready to endure any amount of torture in the way of tight shoes, high heels, etc., to make their feet look smaller, while most of the American girls are too sensible to make such sacrifices.

At the other extremity, their heads, the Mexican girls have also some peculiarities that are very fetching. Many ladies here, with a realizing sense of the truly beautiful, dress their heads in the old way with a Spanish mantilla which, worn as the Mexican and Spanish girls alone know how, is calculated to produce a maddening effect on the masculine organization. As regards the rest of the toilet, she has also a specialty of her own in black. She can produce effects with this color that seems inimitable, but she is weak on the fancy colors and the gayer dresses of her wardrobe are seldom just the right thing; at least to me they mostly produce an unpleasant impression without, in many



MEXICAN DUDE AND CHAIR PORTER.

cases, my being able to tell exactly why. The matrons are generally more expert at dressing their small children than they are at dressing themselves. Many of the children's toilets are very becoming, though there is a custom of allowing the little ones to run around with bare legs in all weathers and temperatures.

In stature the Mexican women are generally below the middle height.

While we have been making these observations, smoking a cigar in some choice nook where we have a view of the passing crowd, promenading a little, exchanging a few words of chaff or gossip with a friend, bowing or flirting with some female acquaintance, 1 o'clock arrives, the band plays a danza as a sort of sweet farewell and withdraw. In five minutes more the crowd is thinned out materially, and in ten minutes the park is almost deserted, and muscular porters run about gathering up the chairs, piling them into incredible structures and bearing these off to some unknown limbo until next Sunday. The crowd crosses San Francisco street with singular unanimity, seeking the shady side, which is already occupied at all favorable lounging places by bands of the same dudes that we saw, awhile ago at the end of the entrance alley of the Alameda. These gentlemen are called in the slang of Mexico logartijos, or lizards, from the habit they have, like the animal, of sticking close to and being supported by the walls of the houses. We shall find "lizards" of good family and fair colors sticking along the walls from the time that we leave the park, but the largest and most brilliant gatherings are seen on the block where is situated the Iturbide hotel and the Jockey club. On the next block eastward the lizards have already commenced to deteriorate, and by the time we get to the great plaza they are nothing but common loafers. The object of all these gentlemen is, of course, to admire the fairer portion of humanity, and doubtless they or some of them receive a fair share of admiration in return.

First tramp—How was that Jerry? Second Tramp—Couple of jay constables thought I was Tascott—*Terre Haute Express.*

"I tell you Hyde is as reliable a man as you can find anywhere." "What! Jim Hyde a reliable man? Why, he is noted for never telling the truth." "To be sure; that's the reason you can always depend upon him; if he tells you a thing you know it isn't so."—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Hostler—"What's Liveryman so cut up about? Coachman—That telephone message about 'Fairy Bell' falling and breaking her neck. Hostler—Great Cæsar! It wasn't the horse's neck. It was the man's. Coachman—Go and tell him, quick. What a great relief it will be to him.—*Cartoon.*

"O, ma!" cried little Lil, bursting into tears, "Johnnie took five cents out of my bank." "What made you take your sister's five cents, you naughty boy?" said Mrs. Brown to her young hopeful. "Because," replied little Johnny, "I couldn' get the quarter out."—*New York Sun.*

A ladies' sacque house announced at the end of their newspaper advertisement "circulars free on application." The firm received a note the other day from a Vermont lady who had read the announcement, and asked them to send a fur-lined one to her address.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"George," she said, "before we were married you were always bringing me rings, and breastpins, and vinaigrettes, and things like that. Why don't you ever bring me anything now?" "My dear," replied George, "did you ever hear of a fisherman feeding bait to a fish he had caught?"—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

Ned—Say, Jack, can you pay that $10 you borrowed of me a week ago. Jack (reflectively)—Ten dollars?—? week ago?—O, yes—no; can't do it. Sorry, but ta-ta. Ned—Hold on a minute. Can you lend me $10? Jack Why, m-m-m—certainly, old man, certainly. Glad to accommodate you!—*Time.*

Tramp—Could you give a bite to a poor man who hasn't eaten anything for—— Lady of the house (shouting shrilly)—Tige! Tige! Come here, Tige. T. (softly)—You are calling your dog, madam. I want you to understand that I don't eat dog. I'm no Indian. And he stole away in silent dignity.—*Boston Courier.*

Yankee housekeeper—What's this paper, my dear? Accomplished daughter—My last diploma. I have just graduated from the culinary department of the Bangup Seminary. "Very well, my dear. Now put the paper away, change your dress, come into the kitchen, and I'll teach you how to cook."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Time softens all things, my boy. If you don't believe it, go down into the cellar some time next March and stick your hand into the barrel of cabbages you put away last week. Even so, the lapse of a few weeks, or months, or years may soften your heart and head, and your troubles will lie upon you as lightly as a witness in a libel suit.—*Burdette.*

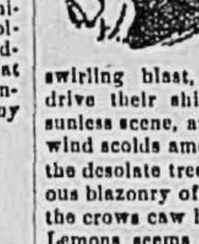
Titled foreigner—"I have called, sir, to obtain your permission to address your daughter." Amerian Pa—"Eh! have you spoken with my daughter on the subject?" "Certainly not." "Nor her mother?" "No, sir." "Well, I would advise you to see one or both of them first. If I should put in an oar in a case like that I wouldn't have a hair left."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Sympathizing lady (to casual acquaintance on the cars)—Lost all your children? How sad. Bereaved mother—Yes, it is a great trial. But there is no loss without some compensation. S. L.—Ah, yes, you have the consoling consciousness that they are better off. B. M.—That is true, but I didn't exactly mean that—— S. L.—No? B. M.—No: I was about to say that we can hire a house now without any trouble.—*Boston Courier.*

A MELANCHOLY DOG.

How a Combination of Collie and Angora Cat Conspired to Fill Him With Pain.

A Frolic With the Doctor's Poultry and a Subsequent Softening With the Doctor's Club.



It is with apprehension and sorrow that I observe that Lemons has grown sadder of late, and now that the melancholy days have come to Stamford, the brown leaves are adrift upon the swirling blast, the low, leaden skies drive their shifting shadows over the sunless scene, and the shrewish north wind scolds among the gray branches of the desolate trees—now that the gorgeous blazonry of Autumn has faded and the crows caw hungrily in the stubble—Lemons seems to have added to his private collection of griefs and grows more gently mournful and persistently pathetic hour by hour.

Lemons is a fox terrier of the masculine species, says Carleton in the New York *World*. He arrived at Stamford last spring, gifted with a riotous appetite, a large fund of affection, a small, fore-shortened tail and the name of Lemons. Why called Lemons was and is still a dark and impenetrable secret. Whether so sourly christened because of a supposed acidity of disposition, or because he had been plucked untimely from his parent tree before fully ripe, it soon became certain that Lemons would answer to no other name, and wouldn't even answer to that except when called about the hours that breakfast, luncheon or dinner was obviously due; but at these particular times his promptness and activity commended him to the most critical observer.

Lemons's first real Stamford sorrow came to him about ten minutes after he was welcomed by the family. He seemed to take it for granted that he had been elected to run the household, and when Trumps, the collie, who had been out in the paddock all morning laboriously polishing a bone, wandered in to see what had caused the unusual excitement, Lemons rose promptly to the dignity of the occasion and proceeded to joggle Trumps in a manner which caused that sagacious animal's temper to obtain an immediate pressure of ninety-five pounds to the square inch. Lemons emitted a belligerent growl and elevated four war-like inches of tail. He would have elevated the other four, but had inadvertently left them in the distant butcher shop, where the amputation was considered necessary to improve his personal appearance had taken place. Trumps replied to this hostile demonstration by showing two full sets of well-formed teeth, resplendent with extra whiteness by reason of his morning's solitary amusement with the aforesaid bone. Lemons growled again, reached up his back, stuck his under jaw out like the pilot of a locomotive, circled around Trumps three times in a stiff, haughty and disagreeable manner, and then, having thus completed the formalities incident to a canine declaration of war promptly grabbed Trumps by the scruff of the neck and proceeded to maul him.

* * * * *

For a long time Lemons wavered between life and death. Some days he would be able to see a little out of one eye and hear a little with one ear, especially when spoken to in relation to beefsteak, and his right fore-paw and left hind-leg appeared to be getting along as well as might be expected, but the sag in his spinal column and the general injury to his feelings made his convalescence exceedingly painful and slow. Even when able to be about, carrying one leg free and taking in the scenery in a lopsided manner, it was painfully evident that he had been disappointed in Trumps to that degree that his nature was permanently saddened.

It was about this time that Lemons got mixed up with the Angora Thomas. He had often, during his illness, cocked his eye at this pampered member of the household and intimated by deep-throated remarks from time to time that he would very probably see him later, but the Angora had refused to take notice, calmly continuing his feline and luxurious way. On this particular morning, however, Lemons found himself freer than usual from his long bed-ridden condition, and having seen the Angora enter the paddock bethought him it would be funny to go out and wallop him for the sake of gentle exercise before breakfast. No sooner had this happy thought entered his mind than Lemons limbered up his game leg and entered the paddock. Trumps, who had long previously had an experience with that same Angora, followed and sat at a respectable distance, prepared to umpire the general result.

TRUMPS WAS UMPIRE.

The ensuing evolutions were brief but complicated and exciting. There was a cloud of dust, loose hair and yells, through which the voice of Lemons was plainly discernible, and after just four seconds of a whilwind of tomcat and terrier a keen-eyed observer might have discerned a swift blue streak whizzing in the direction of the barn. That was the Angora. The keen-eyed observer might also have discerned a large invoice of newly arrived agony and experience lying in one corner of the paddock. That was Lemons. Trumps and the Angora breakfasted alone that morning and Lemons went again to the hospital.

ON BUSINESS.

* * * * * * *

One fine August noon, when an early shower had refreshed the sweltering air and brightened the trees, Lemons appeared at luncheon radiantly happy. Experimenting on a lonely bantam, who usually slept most of the day in order to be easily wakeful and uproarious when other and distant roosters desired to converse with him at night—experimenting with this small but clear-voiced fowl, Lemons had discovered that not only are the tall feathers of poultry capable of being rooted out with gratifying ease, but that there is no fighting back, and that this omission greatly adds to the fun. He had made this experiment just before luncheon, and had made up his mind to go down to the doctor's about 3 o'clock and continue his scientific researches among the large flock of fancy fowls which he had observed there several days before.

At 3 o'clock, punctually, Lemons departed leisurely for the doctor's. By 3:30 there wasn't a tall feather left among the elder Cochin-Chinas, Brahmas or Plymouth Rocks, and Lemons was actively circling the pond in which the Muscovy ducks, with countenances more or less severely inflamed, had taken a bewildered and vociferous refuge.

At 3:45 the doctor returned and took an earnest and enthusiastic part in the excitement himself, greatly assisted by a firm left-hand grasp on Lemons's collar and a still firmer right-hand grasp on a rapidly rising and falling club, and at 3:57 Lemons returned to the house convinced that life in Stamford for a high-strung terrier disposed to be gay, was a hollow delusion and a treacherous snare.

Since then, he has receded deeper and deeper into the privacy of his inward grief. His ephemeral interest in cats had vanished; Trumps uses him for a mud scraper and he mourns not; the Angora fetches him an occasional swipe down his sad cheek with his claws, when both happen to grab for the same bone, and Lemons endures it without retaliation or a sigh; the bantam's tail feathers are sprouting out again, but he takes no heed. He is dreamful and retrospective, seems to realize that he was born under the wrong planets, and, beyond a desire to fill himself up three times a day, has no longing but for the dark consolation of the grave. His haughty spirit has been broken. He went over the other day for a gallop with the filly, discovered that he was in the doctor's well-remembered neighborhood, saw the bobtailed poultry race for safety, stopped, gazed sadly up as if to say, "Well, if my memory serves aright you've got to excuse *me*," then made a detour of seven miles and didn't arrive home until five minutes before dinner. Lemons came to Stamford a bright, young, enthusiastic and painstaking dog, but I fear me his happiness has departed forever.

THE CHAINED HAND.

They crowded about Mr. Bermutier, the examining magistrate, who was giving his opinion on the mysterious St. Cloud affair. For a month past all Paris has been wild with excitement over this unexplainable crime, which no one in the least comprehended.

Mr Bermutier stood with his back to the chimney and talked, bringing the proofs together, discussing the various opinions, but coming to no conclusion.

Several women had risen to get nearer, and stood with their eyes fixed on the magistrate's close-shaven mouth, from whence issued words of such serious import. They trembled and shivered, nerved by their half-fearful curiosity and the insatiable hunger for something horrible which haunts women's souls and tortures them like famine.

One of them, paler than the rest, said, during a momentary lull in the talk:

"This is awful; it touches the supernatural, and nothing will ever be known."

The judge turned toward her.

"Yes, madam; it is probable that nothing will ever be known, but as for the [...] word supernatural you h[...]t is out of place. W[e] just used, [...]nce of a crime conc[...] in the prese[nce of] cleverness, skillfull[y] [...] with great [...] enveloped in m[...] ried out, and so [...] disentangle [...] circu[...] that we can not [...] the incomprehensi[...] from that surrounded it. But [...] stances [...] to follow, once on a time, [...] [wh]ich something fantastic was mixed [...] to be given up for lack of evi[dence] [...]"

It ha[...] [...]al of the women spoke at once, [...] and so quickly that it seemed like a single voice:

"Oh, tell us about it."

Mr. Bermutier smiled soberly, smiled as an examining magistrate should, and began:

Do not fancy for an instant that I attribute anything supernatural to this affair. I only believe in natural causes. But if, instead of using the word "supernatural" to express what we do not understand, we were to use the word "inexplicable," it would be much better. At all events, in the case I am about to tell you, it was above all the environing circumstances, the preparatory events, as it were, that interested me. Here are the facts:

I was then examining magistrate at Ajaccio, a little white town surrounded by high mountains, and lying on the shores of a beautiful bay.

Most of the cases brought before me down there were cases of the vendetta. Some of them are superbly dramatic, and as ferocious or heroic as possible. You see, the best causes for revenge you can fancy may be found there; secular hatred, which was quieted for a while, but never exterminated; then the wretched trickery they practice on each other, until the crime of assassination becomes a something to be rather proud of than otherwise.

For two years I have heard nothing talked about but the price of blood and that terrible Corsican custom which forces an insult to be avenged not only on the person of him who caused it, but on his descendants and near relatives also. I have seen aged men's throats cut and little children's. My head was full of these stories.

Well, I learned one day that an Englishman had just rented for two or three years a little villa at the end of the bay, and had brought with him a French servant, picked up at Marseilles while passing through there. Soon everyone was talking about this old creature, who lived all alone in his house and never went out but to hunt or to fish, spoke to no one, never went into the town, and practiced every morning for an hour or two shooting with a pistol or gun.

Legends were made up about him. They pretended he was a great personage, fled his country for political reasons; then they affirmed he was in hiding for some awful crime he had committed. They even went so far as to relate some especially awful circumstances.

I wished, in my capacity as magistrate, to procure some trustworthy information about the man, but I could learn nothing. He was called Sir John Rowell. I contented myself with watching him narrowly, but they could really tell me nothing suspicious about him. However, as the rumors afloat in regard to him great greater, grew universal, I resolved to try myself to see this stranger, and I began hunting regularly on the outskirts of his property.

A long time I waited my opportunity. It came at last in the shape of a partridge, at which I fired and which I killed under the Englishman's nose. My dog fetched it to me; but I took the game, made my excuses, and begged Sir John Rowell to accept of the bird. He was a tall man, with red hair and a red beard, very long and very broad—a sort of calm and civil Hercules. He had none of the usual English stiffness of manner, and he thanked me very warmly for my kindness.

At the end of a month we had talked together five or six times. Finally, one evening, as I was passing by his door, I saw him smoking his pipe astride a chair in his garden. I bowed, and he asked me to come in and drink a cup of tea with him. I did not need to be asked twice.

He received me with scrupulous English courtesy, spoke in praise of France and Corsica, declared he was very fond of the country and the shore, all in the most correct French. Then I asked him, with infinite precaution and in the form of a lively interest, a few questions as to his life and his projects. He answered with no embarrassment, told me he had traveled a great deal in Africa, the Indies, and America. He added, laughingly:

"I have met with many strange adventures." Then I set myself to talk of hunting, and he gave me the most curious details in regard to hunting hippopotamus, the tiger, the elephant, and even the gorilla.

I said:

"Those are all very redoubtable animals."

He smiled.

"Ah, no! The worst is man!" And he laughed outright—a hearty laugh of a happy, fat Englishman.

"I have hunted men a deal, too."

Then he spoke of weapons, and asked me to come into his house that he might show me various kinds of guns. His drawing-room was hung in black silk, gold embroidered, huge yellow flowers ran over the somber stuff as brilliant as fire.

He said: "That is Japanese cloth."

But in the middle of the largest panel a queer thing attracted my eye.

Raised up on a square of red velvet was a black object.

I went nearer. It was a hand—a man's hand.

Not the hand of a skeleton, clean and white, but a dried-up, black hand, with yellow nails, the muscles laid bare and traces of old blood—blood like a scurf—on the sharply-cut bones, cut off as with the blow of an ax toward the middle of the forearm. Around the wrist an enormous chain of riveted iron, soldered to this filthy hand, was fastened into the wall by means of a ring strong enough to hold an elephant.

I asked him what it was, and the Englishman answered calmly:

"That belongs to my greatest enemy, he came from America. That was chopped off with a sword, and the flesh torn away with a sharp stone; then it was dried in the sun eight days. A mighty good thing for me it was, too."

I touched the piece of humanity, which must have belonged to a giant. The fingers, of extraordinary length attached by huge muscles, on which, in places, bits of flesh had been left. The hand was a horrible thing to see, flayed thus; it made one think of a savage's vengeance.

I said:

"That man must have been immensely strong?"

The Englishman answered in a gentle voice, still with his atrocious accent:

"Yes, indeed; but I was stronger than he. I put that chain there to hold him."

I thought him joking, and I said:

"No need of this chain now; the hand will not run away."

"It wants to get away all the time," said Sir John Rowell, seriously. "The chain was necessary."

I shot a questioning glance at his face; was he a madman or a stupid joker?

But his expression was impenetrable, calm, and benevolent. I spoke of something else and admired his guns. However, I noticed that three loaded revolvers lay about on the tables, as though this man lived in constant fear of being attacked.

I went to see him several times after this and then gave it up. He seemed totally indifferent to everyone and everything.

II.

A whole year went by, and then one morning toward the end of November my servant wakened me by saying that Sir John Rowell had been assassinated during the night.

Half an hour later I entered the Englishman's house with the commissary and the captain of the gendarmes. The frightened valet was weeping in despair before the door. I at first suspected that man, but he was innocent.

They were never able to find the murderer. On entering Sir John's drawing-room the first thing I saw was his dead body stretched on its back in the middle of the floor.

Everything told of the terrible fight that had taken place; his waistcoat was torn in shreds, and one sleeve, ripped from the shoulder, hung loosely. He had been strangled to death. His face, horribly black and swollen, seemed possessed of an expression of infinite and awful fear; between his clenched teeth he held something, and his neck, covered with blood, was pierced by five holes that had apparently been made with points of iron.

A physician joined us, and, after a long examination of the finger marks in the flesh, uttered this strange opinion:

"One would think he had been strangled by a skeleton."

A cold shiver ran down my back, and I glanced at the wall at the place where I used to see the terrible flayed hand. It was there no longer. The chain hung down broken.

Then I bent over the dead man and found in his drawn mouth one of the fingers of the hand that had disappeared, cut off or, rather sawed off by the teeth, as far as the second joint.

Then they proceeded to hold an inquest, but nothing was found out. No window, no doors, no piece of furniture had been forced open. The two watchdogs had not been awakened.

Here is the substance of the servant's deposition:

For a month past his master had seemed greatly disturbed; he had received many letters and burnt them immediately. Frequently he would take a whip and strike with an anger that seemed like madness the withered hand which had disappeared, no one knew how, at the time of the crime.

He went to bed very late and locked himself in with great care, and always had pistols within reach of his hand. Frequently he talked out loud at night, as though quarreling with someone.

By chance this night he made no noise, and it was only when coming to open the windows that the servant discovered Sir John had been murdered. He suspected no one.

I communicated what knowledge I possessed of the deceased to the magistrates and officers of public safety, and a careful and thorough investigation was instituted all over the island.

Nothing was discovered.

Now one night about three months after the crime I had a fearful nightmare. I thought I saw the hand, the horrible hand, run like a scorpion or a spider up and down my wall and hangings.

Three times I wakened.

Three times I went to sleep again; three times I saw the hideous human thing about my room, moving its fingers like claws.

The next day they brought it to me. It had been found in the cemetery on the grave of Sir John Rowell (buried there because they could find no trace of who his people were.)

The forefinger was missing.

There, ladies, is my story. I know nothing more about it.

III.

The frightened women were pale and trembling.

One of them cried:

"But that is no sort of denouement nor explanation. We shall not sleep a wink if you do not tell us what your idea is of what really occurred."

The judge smiled sternly.

"Oh, ladies, I shall certainly spoil your weird dreams. I think, simply, that the rightful owner of the hand was not dead, and that he came to fetch it with the one he had left. But, of course, I don't know how he did it. It seems a kind of vendetta."

One of the ladies murmured: "No, I do not believe that was it."

And the judge, smiling still, concluded with: "I warned you you would not care for my explanation."—*From the French of Guy de Maupassant.*

Sothern's Practical Joke.

One day the elder Sothern, who was a famous practical joker as well as author, went with Mrs. Wood into an ironmonger's shop and asked for a copy of Macaulay's "History of England." "We do not sell books, sir," said the assistant. "This is an ironmonger's shop." "Well, I'm not particular," said Sothern, pretending to be deaf; "I don't care whether it is bound in calf or Russia." "But this is not a book-seller's," shouted the assistant. "All righ[t]," said Sothern, "wrap it up neatly. I want to have it sent down to the hotel. It's for a present I wish to make to a relative." "We don't keep it," shouted the assistant, getting red in the face. "Do it up as if it were for your own mother. I don't want anything better than that," said Sothern. "I would like to write my name on the fly-leaf." "Sir," bawled the assistant at the top of his voice, "can't you see we do not keep books?" "Very well," said Sothern, quite undisturbed, "I will wait for it." The clerk appealed to his master and said he thought the customer must be off his head. "What is it, sir? What do you desire?" he said to Sothern. "I want to buy a file," said the actor, "a plain file, four or five inches long." "Certainly," said the master, casting a withering glance at his assistant.

Principal—"What part of speech is 'kiss'?" Chorus of Normal School Girls—"A conjunction."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Sugar barrels are no longer wasted. They are bought at second hand and broken up; the staves are then washed, packed in bundles and sent back to the West Indies at a profit, to be re-hooped.

In Pure Water and Ice.

"It is very hard,' says Prof. Tonry, "to convince some people that a glass of perfectly clear, colorless water, with no odor or taste, may be more impure than water coming from the kitchen sink which has been used to wash cooking utensils, yet in many cases I have found such water." This is a striking statement, but Mr. Tonry is able to demonstrate that it is basted on a multitude of well-studied facts. There is no absolutely pure water in nature, but there are limits beyond which the contamination of drinking or cooking water cannot be safely allowed to go. The presence of chlorine in water indicates the kind of organic impurity dangerous to health. A drop of solution of nitrate of silver is a convenient test. If it produces in a tumbler of the water in question a white cloud, chlorine and its related impurities, are present to a probably dangerous extent. Boiling will as a rule, destroy disease germs. The popular theory that freezing purifies water Mr. Tonry thinks is incorrect. "Pure ice," he says, "is almost as hard to obtain as pure water." He mentions a case where typhoid fever was traced directly to the use of impure ice.—*Baltimore Sun.*

A Snake in the Grass.

A foe to all honor, all virtue, and good,
Is this serpent of most multitudinous brood;
Not only in coverts of dark does it lurk,
But we see in our midst its most venomous work.
In the whitest of souls it leaves its foul slime,
And its victims are many; the man in his prime,
The beautiful maiden, the wife and the child,
The bride whose young life has been all undefiled,
Have cause to be wary, for nothing, alas!
Has so venomed the fang as "the snake in the grass."

I mind me this moment of some I have seen,
Circumspect as to conduct, and honest of mien,
But I know of the poison that lies out of sight,
And I know of the wrong they will make of the right;
So, in crossing life's highway, I watch for the foe
Who is waiting to lay all my fondest hopes low;
I watch for the enemy wary and wise
As the serpent in Eden, who comes in disguise;
And I wish that all others could avoid as they pass
This worst of all reptiles, "the snake in the grass."

—Good Housekeeping.

English Boots.

"Science covers a good deal of ground," said a man to a New York *Sun* reporter; "but there is one thing that I can not explain, and that is why boots which are bought in England, and which fit one perfectly there, are utterly useless on this side of the water. In my own case I have tried the plan of buying boots in England half a dozen times and never with success. They are much cheaper there, besides being a trifle more shapely than the work of our own shoemakers on this side of the water; hence travelers are anxious to bring over a stock of shoes with them. It is a great mistake, for the English-made boots are simply useless here. They breed corns and cramp the feet. It is asserted that this is partly due to the fact that the English climate is more moist than ours, but this does not seem sensible, for moist invariably swells the feet and hands, as anybody knows who has tried to put on gloves in a hot ball-room. I went to a corn doctor this morning and he told me that three men in his establishment treated on an average over 100 people a day. They charge 25 cents a corn on this side, whereas the price in London is $1 a foot—a human foot, by the way—but corns in the ordinary acceptation of the term are unknown in London, all of which is probably due to the climate."

A Midshipman's Chest.

Each chest contains all the worldly possessions of one officer, which, thus packed, are as inaccessible as they well can be. Immediately under the lid are three or four shallow trays. One of these is fitted as a washstand, with basin, mug, soap-dish, and receptacle for tooth-brushes. Another till is a sort of loose box for everything; while a third contains a miscellaneous collection of neckties, handkerchiefs, pipes, money, and a limited stock of jewelry. Under these trays, and packed more or less tidily, according to the tendencies of the marine servant who "looks after" each young gentleman, are his uniforms, suits of plain clothes, boots, linen, and articles of haberdashery. After this explanation, my readers will not find it difficult to understand why the expression "everything on top, and nothing at hand, like a midshipman's chest," is commonly applied to any chaotic disarrangement on board ship.—*St. Nicholas.*

VARIOUS NEEDLESS NOISES.

Annoyances That Might Well Be Avoided—Laws in Berlin and Paris.

Among the injurious influences of city life is incessant noise, and it is because of its continuous, not because of its intensity, that it produces injury to the nervous system, as surely as the steady dropping of water wears away the hardest stone. This simile is apt, because not before there has been considerable wear is it perceptible, and then, too often, repair is impossible; the best that can be done is to prevent further mischief. There is a popular theory that one becomes used to the steady rattle of poorly made wagons, over unevenly paved roadways, but experiments have shown that this idea is altogether wrong. Being satisfied that the thousand noises of the street are harmful, there has been much study to discover ways for their prevention.

In the course of these researches the uselessness of many noises, purposely made has been fully demonstrated. Such for instance, as the ringing of milkmen's bells (so long the custom in New York that it is hard work to convince the milkmen or their customers of its needlessness,) the jingling of bells on the street-cars, the clanging of church bells, the blowing of steam whistles on locomotives and factories, have in various places been found entirely unnecessary and have been abolished. In Boston we escape some of these annoyances, but the absurd custom of hanging bells on the poles of the street-cars is still kept up, and, of course, will be until the law requiring it is repealed. The bells have been taken from the street-cars in Munich, and if another example is needed to show their real uselessness there is the fact that we do without them on Sundays (according to law,) weekly presented to us for imitation through the remainder of the week.

Abroad, where they manage some things better than we, they have made considerable progress in the prevention of harm from noises that are possibly unavoidable. In Berlin heavy-laden carts are not permitted on certain streets, and on others must always walk. A similar law exists in Paris, where, moreover, drays laden with rattling objects (iron rods or rails, timber, chains, barrels, for a few examples) must have their loads so secured that motion is impossible.

But leaving the street and entering the railway-car, the house or the office, let us see if there are not many harmful noises which are within the power of the individual to stop. To slam the door, on entering or leaving, was long incontrovertible evidence of a man's vulgarity of nature. Then there came into use a host of automatic contrivances to close the door after those heedless fellows who would leave it open, though Boreas blustered his hardest, and doors were slammed more than ever. Years of torture passed before man's ingenuity produced the pneumatic devices by the use of which doors are automatically and noiselessly closed, and slamming is impossible. There still remain to annoy and to fret many small noises about the house, and office, and the car. The thoughtful avoid making them. The thoughtless must be brought within range of public opinion, and if not mindful of rebuke must be subjected to a social boycott.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Kilkenny Cats.

The Kilkenny cats have an ill name for ferocity. "As quarrelsome as Kilkenny cats" is a popular proverb. Over one hundred years ago, it is said, a great battle of felines took place in the neighborhood of the town, which was participated in by all the cats in the city and county of Kilkenny, aided and abetted by cats from other parts of Ireland. One thousand cats were found dead next morning upon the field of battle, and many were identified by their collars as coming from remote regions of the country.

But the most famous legend concerning Kilkenny cats is that two of them fighting in a saw-pit, bit and scratched so long and so ferociously that at last only two tails were left in the arena—each had devoured the other. This hum[...] bull, been made but a bit of broad [...] the following is even a typical Irish [...]

During the Ir[...] an attempt has [...] 1803—for authorities the myth in[...] was garrisoned by a re[giment of He]ssian soldiers, whose favorite [...] in their barrack rooms was [...] two cats, tied together by their [...] face to face across a clothes-lin[e]. [...] officers, learning of this b[...] sport, determined to put an e[nd to it]. For this purpose an officer was [...] to inspect each barrack-room[...]. But the soldiers learning of th[is sys]tem of espionage, detailed one [...] comrades to watch for the officer. One day the sentinel neglected his duty, and the officer was heard ascending the stairs while the cats were fighting. There was no time to disengage them. A trooper hastily drew his sword and with one blow severed the tails of the cats, who thereupon escaped through the window. When the officer entered he severely demanded whence came the bleeding tails upon the floor, whereupon the trooper informed him, with a rea[diness] worthy of his Irish surrounding[s, that] the two cats had been fighting [so d]esperately together, that it had been impossible to separate them, and that they h[...] [de]vouring each other—al[...]

Nevertheless, some au[...] this story as obviously [...] after the event, and insis[t...] ing the inter-destructive [...] gory of the neighboring municipalities of Kilkenny and Irishtown, which from A. D. 1377 to the close of the [...] seventeenth century conte[nded...] fully about boundaries that they mutually impoverished each other, and left only a trace of their former selves. De Gubernatis, on the other hand, ingeniously surmises that the origin of the myth may be traced to the German superstition which dreads the combat between cats as presaging death to the one who witnesses it.—*American Notes and Queries.*

How Mrs. Shaw Whistles.

Mrs. Shaw shook out her train, slowly raised her music, turned h[er] black eyes furtively on her friends [in] the box, and calmly pursed [her] red lips. It wasn't a pucker, but a tight drawing of the lips, held lightly, the white part of the face just above the upper lip and below the nose all drawn into little furrows and a heavy line extending all around under the chin. The pianist thumped a few more bars and Mrs. Shaw suddenly shot out the opening notes of Arditi's dainty, lively, and running "Il Bacio." The sound was first like that of a piccolo well played, only softer and more engaging. Every note was taken truly and the shading was at least amazing. A big smile had come out on the faces of the auditors as soon as Mrs. Shaw began, and when she finished they were laughing and vociferously applauding. They had not only heard, but they had seen her do it.—*Philadelphia Press.*

In the Sandwich Islands the native paint their faces and knock out their front teeth in mourning for their friends.

Killed by Smoking.

The book of Sir Morell Mackenzie will certainly have one good result if it draws attention to the number of cases of cancer arising from smoking cigars and short clay pipes. The death of Gen. Grant was from cancer caused by incessant smoking. There was no ground for the belief that his malady was constitutional, and in his case, therefore, the cause is incontestable. In its origin smoking was a calm, sedentary act, and it has so remained among the Turks, Arabs, and Persians, and in a less degree the Chinese and Japanese. The restless, ever-moving man of the west is determined to have the comfort of tobacco in combination with active movement. He smokes a clay pipe or puffs his cigar as he goes to his work, walking briskly at the rate of four miles an hour. The consequence is that there is a steady burning of the soft, delicate tissues inside the mouth, which tissues become congested. To men who have no cancerous idiosyncracy there are no further results, but to those who have this congestion is the beginning of a cancerous tumor. Much as the fair sex deprecates chewing, it is certain that it is infinitely safer for persons who are in active. Incessant motion than smoking. The Turk, who enjoys tobacco more than any human being under the sun, smokes a chibouk with an amber mouthpiece. The stem of the pipe is usually from two to three feet in length. Such a pipe is incapable of producing any bad effect, [...] the amber is pleasant and comfor[ting] to the tissues. Formerly workingm[en] in this country smoked long [...] pipes, and the part which [...] mouth was co[...] with [...] Here were all the conditions of [...] book reproduced in the cheape[...] but these pipes could only be [...] from a position of rest, and [...] disappeared, and cancer of t[he...] has become so prevalent th[...] been found necessary in larg[e...] establish cancer hospitals. [...] may be the medical verdi[ct...] Morell Mackenzie's stat[...] barbarous and empiri[cal...] galvano cautery cha[...] in the emperor's thr[oat...] nature to a cancero[us...] public will be ap[...] glish specialist [...] based upon fa[...] The man wh[...] to look his fa[...] "Ladies, if Fred[...] chewed he would be [...] ing to his people and [...] threatened by the military [...] his son."—*Omaha Bee.*

How They Met Their Fate.

Recently there was a gathering of young married couples in Louisville and the conversation turned on the manner in which the wives had secured their husbands. One had paved the way to the altar by making a face at the fated one because she thought he had stared at her impudently. He admired her mettle and sought an introduction. Another made the acquaintance of the man who is now her husband by accidentally sousing him with a pan of dishwater which she tossed out of the kitchen window into an alley just in time to catch him as he was passing. The one that was, however, voted to be the most novel was the experience of a young man connected with the municipal government. The latter was in the habit of passing, on his way home, the residence of the young lady who is [now] his better half, and one evening, [out] of spirit of mischief, she "accidentally on purpose" turned the hose on him. He faced about, blushed violently, and stammered a "thank you" in response to her roguish smile, and from that moment [...] he was fated.

[...] of Washington, Ga., was [...] streets. [...] through the [...] and the latter [...] the bovine, the dog. The bull [...] took after [...] bale of cotton on which the [...] to a [...] seated. The bale flew onto the [...] was [...] back, and the negro still retained his seat, filling the whole village with his cries. Nothing, however, [...] animal's pursuit of the dog [...] collided with a load of c[...] the collision the street wa[s...] rode around with negro, [...] bull, broken harness, etc. [...] hurt.

"WAX FIGGERS" ARE MAD[E]

[In]teresting Sight in a S[tate] Building.

... [sma]iling young [lady] well dressed to ... [curi]osities. But, despite ... scrutiny of the ever-... [crow]d, the young lady never ... [po]sition. The smile that ... did not change; her ... an inch above the piano, ... them once—all for the ... [pers]ons. She wasn't a real ... she looked it es-[pecia]lly in the gaslight—[she] only a ... one. A young man curious to ... something of the method of her [const]ruction climbed up to the top ... of the Eden Musee in company [with t]he superintendent, emerging into [a] ... room in the rear of the building. Two or three men were at work, ... ring a steaming mixture in an ... oil stove, another ... less corpses were every... Heads ... stood on platforms, underneath ... they ... and in corners. In a small ... tables, a whole collection was pl... ate-room ... limbs of some were con... up. The ... as though in awful ag... torted and bent ... young superintendent ... ny. The active ... and cupboards and d... pened boxes ... men and women, ol... heads of ... tiful and ugly, som... beau-... eyes or ... gly real. ... ers he pulled ... d them beside

"The[se], ... he, "are all the parts of an image which are made out of wax. There is no such thing as a wax figure. The figures—the torsos—are made out of papier mache. A wax torso even when it is lined with an iron framework does not give a satisfactory effect. The process of making the papier mache bodies is precisely that of the heads and hands."

"And what is that?"

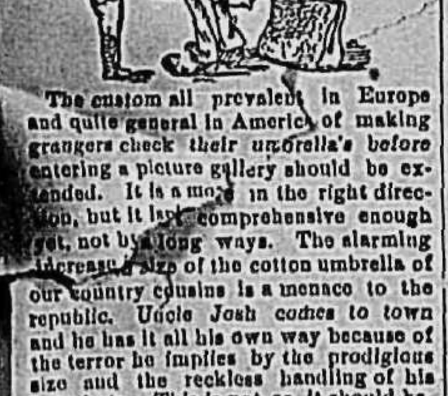
"A work that requires seven persons to complete. The first step is to make a miniature model in clay of the figure [or] group that is to be represented. ... we get some idea of the effect. [When] all details are decided upon the sculptor models the figure lifesize in clay, the same as would be done if it were to be chiseled in marble or cast in bronze. The hands are omitted. They are modeled from life always. Next the molder prepares a plaster paris cast in sections from the model, and into this the wax is poured by the wax-worker. If the result does not satisfy the sculptor the head is remelted. No attempt is ever made to change a head. The mold is simply broken up and a new model made. The head goes next to a woman, who inserts the hair, eyebrows, eyelashes, and beard. A little instrument with two or three sharp needle points is used for this. She works rapidly, more so than any of the others. The sculptor, after the glass eyes are put into the socket, then takes the head and finishes it. Its color is pale pink, and he gives it the hue of the human face and by various means makes its surface look like skin. Meanwhile, the costumer has been at work dressing the torso and the carpenter fixing it upon a pedestal. The head and hands are joined to it and it is ready for exhibition."

"How long does all this take?"

"It depends upon the sculptor entirely. ... nowadays are mostly portraits, and in modeling one, especially of a contemporary individual, the sculptor is likely to make half a dozen models before the correct one is hit. The figure of Thurman, for instance, required a great deal of preliminary study. The sculptor had to see him several times, to observe most closely various details, such as the expression of his face in varying moods, the size of his head, color of his eyes—can any man tell the color of his nearest friend's eyes?—the way his hair was arranged, his weight, carriage, etc. Little details, such as these ... copy the artist a day sometimes. He cannot be hurried. Sometimes two weeks is required to model a single figure. No, sculptors rarely model direct from life, except in the case of the hands, although instances are known of their having done so. They prefer a photograph and rely upon their memories for details in making a head. But they always mold hands from life. No artist in the world can exactly represent that wonderful human member, with all its thousand lines, creases, and its expressions—for the hands have expressions. Figures cost as high as $300. The hair on the head of the figure of Mrs. Langtry cost $75. Hair is always an important and expensive [ite]m. So is the costume."—Chicago [Tri]bune.

THE COTTON UMBRELLA.

It Is a Menace to the Public and the Bane of the Policeman's Life.



The custom all prevalent in Europe and quite general in America of making grangers check their umbrella's before entering a picture gallery should be extended. It is a move in the right direction, but it isn't comprehensive enough yet, not by a long ways. The alarming increase in size of the cotton umbrella of our country cousins is a menace to the republic. Uncle Josh comes to town and he has it all his own way because of the terror he implies by the prodigious size and the reckless handling of his parachute. This is not as it should be. Other people have a right to have it part their way. It is a vested right, just like the right to live in the pursuit of happiness, or a cable-car, or anything else. Uncle Josh shouldn't be permitted to go about the streets with the umbrella he now affects. It's dead wrong. City people built this town. They pay the taxes, too. Uncle Josh has a right to come to town if he doesn't get drunk or blow out the gas, but he should be obliged to leave that umbrella at the city limits and go about like other people.

The rector—"My dear Mrs. Worldleigh, you must miss your church much; ... for you." Mrs. Worldleigh—"I ... miss my church as much as you would suppose, for I make Janet sit at the window Sunday morning and tell me just who are going by and how they are dressed."—Judge.

Coincided with Papa.

It is related of ... who ... clergyman ... a charming ... day ... was the happy ... and beautiful daughter, ... discourse ... while preparing ... away from his ... was suddenly ... on of mercy. So in... was the summons that he left ... unfinished this sentence:

"I never see a young man of splendid physique and the promise of a glorious manhood almost realized but my heart [is] filled with rapture and delight."

... daughter, happening in the study, ... sermon and read the words, ... she wrote underneath: ... my sentiments, papa, ...—St. Paul Globe.

[TRICKS] OF THE CONDUCTOR.

[One of] the Craft Tells a Story of his Experience.

"You have no idea of the annoyances we have to suffer from the traveling public, and especially from traveling salesmen. Let me give you an instance of it." Thus spoke a tall, full-bearded conductor, whose heart I had won by the gift of a two-for-five-cent *Flora de Cabanas.*

"As my train stopped one day between Eidtkuhnen and Tosen two traveling salesmen entered a second-class compartment. They sat opposite each other and one of the two placed a pretty heavy trunk upon the seat next to him.

"'Look here,' says I 'you'll have to take that trunk off the seat.'

"'No,' says he, 'I will not take it down.'

"'Well,' says I, 'we will see. Will you take that trunk down, yes or no?'

"'Ha! ha!' laughed he, 'you are jesting, my good man.'

"'None of your familiarity,' says I, angrily. 'I shall inform the baggage-master.'

"'All right; I don't care a rush,' replied the passenger, and withdrew laughing toward the corner of the compartment.

"As at this very moment the train began to move I had to defer informing against the offender until the next station. As soon as it was reached I rushed into the compartment full of rage and asked: 'Now, will you take the trunk down?'

"'Please do not bother me with that trunk, or I shall complain of you at headquarters!' roared the passenger in a voice of thunder. I never met with such impudence before, but as the train stopped for a couple of minutes only I had again to wait till the coming station. There I informed the station-master of the case. He entered the compartment, saying:

"'Sir, the conductor is in the right, and I have to demand of you to remove the trunk or leave the train.'

"'I shall neither take it down nor leave the train,' answered the passenger, and as we were already five minutes late I had just time to wire the matter to the next station.

"I enjoyed in advance the scene at the next station. Upon our arrival the chief of that station said to the passenger:

"'I have to ask you to leave this train at once.'

"'Sir,' rejoined the now thoroughly infuriated passenger, 'what do you want of me? I have paid for my ticket, and have done nothing reprehensible whatever, and yet this miserable hireling has not ceased to bother and insult me.'

"Owing to this quarrel the train was now ten minutes late, and the fast express close behind us.

"'You'll have to leave the train if you do not at once take the trunk down,' shouted the enraged chief.

"'I shall do that under no circumstance whatever,' screamed the passenger, whose frontal veins stood out like whip-cord from his dark forehead.

"At this junction the head baggage-master entered the car, and, trying to conciliate the warring elements, said in a soothing manner, to the passenger:

"'But why did you not take the trunk off the seat? Don't you see that owing to your stubbornness the train is now ten minutes late?'

"'But why on earth should I take this trunk down? There's no power that can compel me to!'

"All three of the railroad officials now approached the passenger to eject him, when the other passenger, who had been an amused eye-witness to the quarrel, said quietly: 'But why should he, indeed, be compelled to take it down? It is my trunk, and not his.'"

Tableau—Boston Courier.

The Persian name for Americans is Yange Doon-ya, which means a dweller of the new world. The first word sounds very much like Yankee in pronunciation.

Comforting Reflection.

Don't be frightened, child; I won't bite you. I swallow everything whole.—*Life.*

A Shop Lifter.

—*Puck.*

Scared Off.

Mahone had an office in the postoffice department when he was in Washington, just as though he was postmaster general, and there he spent an hour or two every morning kicking fellows out and putting other fellows into the Virginia offices. At 10 o'clock one morning O. Hopper, of Fairfax county, walked into this room.

"Ah!" said Mahone, "good morning, Mr. Hopper. Just come into the office of the superintendent of the railway service and we'll fix that matter of yours right up." (Hopper wanted an appointment.)

So saying, he led Mr. Hopper into an adjoining room.

"Mr. Superintendent," he said, with a wink, "this is Mr. Hopper, one of my constituents, who wants a place in the railway mail service. Have you any vacancies to-day?"

"Yes, sir," said the superintendent, promptly; "two of our men were killed last night in that accident near Cumberland, and another died this morning."

Mr. Hopper's face was a study in terror.

"Senator," said Hopper, turning to Mahone; "good morning," and Hopper never bothered him again.—*Richmond State.*

Saved by Superstition.

The examination of the books of the Farmers' and Merchant's bank, on the south side, is still going on. An expert accountant has been called into requisition, and until he finishes nothing definite as to liabilities and assets can be stated. But the present suspense exerts a very harrassing influence upon the people who are directly interested in the bank failure, and that clever individual who always asserts that he knew so-and-so would occur is now having a great time on the south side by crying out to everybody:

"Didn't I tell you the bank would burst?"

An old German woman lives on Jane street, who is well-known for being extraordinarily superstitious. She was once one of the depositors in the bank; but, thanks to her superstitious notions, she is no more, because she drew her money out only last week. She means to be her own banker in the future. This, however, is the reason: About two weeks ago the woman passed the bank on her way to market, when she noticed that painters were occupied putting a fresh color on the walls. No sooner had she noticed this than she [turned] around and ran straight way for home.

"Gottfried!" she cried, nearly out of breath when she arrived, "vere is dot pank pook? Gvick, I tell you; get it for me; hurry up; schnell!"

The man looked at his wife in astonishment, but, being used to obedience, he fetched the book for her. No sooner had she got it than she ran away again, and in about a quarter of an hour returned with all the money they had saved during the last ten years.

"Don't you remember, Gottfried," she now volunteered to explain, "ven ve lived in Paltimore ve lost von tousand dollars in der pank just after dey had painted der building gvite red? Vell, dey vos bainting der pank on Garsen street now, und I dinks ve don't lose our money again dot vay, so I fetched it out. Now dey can baint der pank green or blue, but I got my moneys, I pet you!"—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

The Wives of Weinberg.

One morning we were talking of women of some German town, who, on being told by the commander who had taken it, that each might carry away with her the most precious thing she possessed, elected to bear forth their husbands. Was Weinberg the name of the town? I have forgotten. Mr. Grey said he saw nothing particularly noble or admirable in this, because the wives took with them what they liked best. I said that their unanimity on the subject of husbands appeared so impossible as to make me skeptical about the truth of the story. Mrs. Trois Etoiles, whose husband was "just an expense," as the old Scotchwoman said of hers, remarked that three-fourths of the women would doubtless have been delighted to leave their husbands behind and take their jewel-caskets instead, and would have done so but for the inconvenient example set by the others and the force of public opinion. Charley looked at Maude and said the husbands were selfish brutes to let their wives carry such burdens. They had them strapped on their backs, you know, Amy. Mrs. Grey quietly said she wondered if the men made much or little of their wives afterwards. She thought they would probably feel so secure of their helpmates' devotion that they would no longer value it. I saw Mr. Grey look sharply at her. He is rather a disagreeable, satrical, selfish man, as you know. Lilla, in her harsh way, said to Fred, "I couldn't carry you far, you're so fat."—*Madge in London Truth.*

The History of Tobacco.

It is asserted that tobacco was in use in china from the earliest times, but we have no certain knowledge that this was the case. If it was so the knowledge of the plant and its uses must have been carefully guarded by the Chinese, for it was not introduced into any other Oriental nation until after its discovery in America. When Columbus first landed on the island of San Domingo, in the West Indies, he found tobacco in use among the natives there, who smoked it when made into small cylindrical rolls and wrapped in maize leaf. The Indians on the continent smoked it in a pipe, and among all the tribes, from Peru to Upper Canada, the first discoverers found the plant to be in use, and to have been known to them from so early a period that the time of its first discovery was unknown. The smoking tobacco with the Indians partook largely of the nature of a religious rite. The seeds of the tobacco plant were first brought to Europe by Ganzalo Hernandez de Oviedo, who introduced it into Spain, where it was first cultivated as an ornamental plant till a traveler, who had noted its use among the American Indians, called attention to its narcotic properties. The name is said to have been taken from Tabacco, a province of Yucatan, though others derive it from Tobago, an island in the Caribbean Sea, and yet others from Tabasco, in the Gulf of Florida. The practice of smoking the dried leaf of the plant became general in Spain, and its manufacture into snuff followed soon after. It was introduced into Italy in 1560, and about the same time into France. The first to bring the seeds of the plant into the latter country was Jene Nicot, the French ambassador to Portugal, in whose honor tobacco received its botanical name nicotiano, whence the name nicotine, applied to a poisonous extract from the plant. Tobacco is said to have been first introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh. From these beginnings the use of the weed spread over the entire eastern continent. It did not became known in Asia until the seventeenth century, but was taken up by the Oriental nations with great eagerness, and they are now the greatest smokers in the world.

Parrots That Statesmen Listened To.

For more than a year the members of Congress and others who make a practice of walking down Pennsylvania avenue from the capitol were greatly interested in a parrot which used to do some remarkable talking as he sat in a cage in front of a bird store near Third street. When the bird was less than a year old he was so apt at his mimicry that its owners refused $100 for the Poll. It could sing nearly the whole of the chorus to "Peek-a-Boo" in a splendid voice, could sing in a perfect manner a snatch or two from the popular song, "I'm a Dude, a Dandy Dude," and say ever so many things, such as, "Ah, there, girls!" "Pretty girl." "He's a masher," &c. Newsboys who stopped in front of the store would cry out; "Paper this evening?" and the parrot had been taught to say: "Not this evening, some other evening." The famous bird loved to show off, and passers by had lots of fun listening to him from day to day, and finally the owner of the parrot got $250 for him. The Congressmen miss him.

The other day a crowd of Capital frequenters were discussing the merits of this bird and regretting that he had been sold, when some one wanted to know if parrots could really think. "I'm positive of it," said Col. Wiggins, the printing Clerk of the House. "I remember years ago, when Washington was a smaller place, that some boys were stealing cherries from a lot near where I lived. A parrot which my neighbors owned saw them, and bawled out loudly to a colored woman in the kitchen: 'Liza, 'Liza, boys stealing cherries.' You may not believe this, but it is a fact."

Col. Wiggins didn't tell this yarn late at night, either.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Waiting for the Angel Gabriel.

It was when winter was just closing in and the frost was making the planks crack and snap that I met Uncle Sandy. He was of real old African stock, with a smile always covering his face, and he laughed heartily as he stopped me and said:

"I was jist a-finkin'! I was jist a-finkin' dat if I should meet the Angel Gabr'el, an' he should ax me to walk wid him, an' dese yere butes should frow me down, how 'shamed de ole man would be of hisself—yah! ha! ha!"

He held up one foot and then the other. I could see his black toes peeping through the holes. I gave him some money to get repairs made, and it was three months before I ran across him again. Then I met him one biting cold day. He was without an overcoat. He remembered me and he burst out laughing as he said:

"Got dem butes all fixed, but Gabr'el didn't dun onm along yit."

"You couldn't walk far with him without an overcoat?"

... Betw... and a s... low got ... had. If y... to give to ... it nor seem to ... you a chance to surprise them, and a word or two of gratitude is ample recompense.

When spring came I met Sandy for the third time. It was slushy and sloppy, and the old boots were rent and worn. There is an end even to an old boot. You may peg, and patch, and cobble, but the day comes when the leather loses its life.

"Looking for Gabriel?" I asked as he was about to pass by.

"O, dat's you, is it? Yah! ha! ha! No, I isn't lookin.' I'm jist hopin he won't cum. Dese yere ole butes hev gone at last. Doan' want to make Gabr'el 'shamed of me, you know!"

He was fixed up for boots, and one day two months later, a boy came after me and I went with him to find Uncle Sandy on his dying bed.

"Gabr'el ar' a cummin' purty soon!" he said as he gripped my hand.

"And are the boots out of repair?" I asked.

"Tain't de butes dis time, mas'r. It ar' de soul! Ize ready to see him an' to walk wid him long de dark road. Kneel down yere, Ize ole an' pore an' dyin', an' dar's only one way I kin pay ye for what ye hev dun fur me."

And he put his black hand on my head and prayed:

"O! Gabr'el, dis yere white man shod me an' clothed me an' fixed me up dat I might walk wid ye if ye happened dis yere way. 'Scuse his faults, forgive his sins, an' when de ho'n blows an' he cums up to walk in at de gate, doan' stop him. I'll be dar' to guide him in, an' I'll tell de Lord all about it, an' please doan' make no mistake—amen!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Kiss.

Something made of nothing, tasting very sweet;
A most delicious compound, with ingredients complete:
But if, as on occasion, the heart and mind are sour,
It has no great significance; it loses half its power.

Something made of nothing, and never twice the same,
Though 'tis known in every country where love has had a name;
It is clearly meant for giving, though 'tis sometimes bought and sold,
And, like coffee and potatoes, is not so good when cold.

It oft appeases discord, when words have failed to please,
Whether bestowed carelessly or given just to tease;
For a laugh will often save one from doing something worse,
And the lips that taste this sweetness are seldom heard to curse.

'Tis the strangest, oddest mixture, this something made of naught,
Which is never seen nor handled, although its often caught;
Which will not spoil in keeping, whatever be the clime,
For this something made of nothing will stand the test of time.
—Mary E. Buell, in Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Plain, Modest Man.

I ask not the wealth of a Gould nor an Astor,
A Vanderbilt, Rothschild, a Crœsus, or Sage;
But still I would shun a financial disaster
Nor live in the style of an obsolete age.
Oh, I long not for wealth and its cringing attendance,
Two millions, I think, is sufficient for me.

The barons of England of prodigal bounty—
Beck vassals attend on their slightest behest—
Though they live in a castle and own the county,
Excite not an envious pang in my breast.
But sometimes I hope my well-ballasted dream ships
Will come sailing over the mystical sea,
Then four or five railroads and a good lot of steamships,

Oh, I ask not a throne, nor a crown, nor a sceptre;
For the crown might get lost and the sceptre mislaid,
Though Victoria Guelph I acknowledge has kept her
Job a long time and her salary paid.
My modest ambition will not be a rover,
Nor sigh for the diadems over the sea;
But could I get the job that is now done by Grover
Cleveland, I think it would satisfy me.
—Yankee Blade.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

There were about twenty accountants in the large ante-room connected with one of the Government bureaus, each one working busily and silently; but my story has to do with three only—Græme Douglass the head-clerk, Miss Brown, and old Mr. Stickney.

Græme Douglass was a man of perhaps forty, with a grave dark face, framed in iron-grey hair; firm but full and well-cut lips, and a massive chin.

Miss Brown had worked at the adjoining desk for nearly three years. Regularly at the appointed hour her slight neat figure would be in its place, and her small but firm fingers, pen in hand, would begin their work. In all this time the only advance towards acquaintance had been a bow at entering and the same at her departure.

Her features might have been cut from marble, so perfect were they in outline from the round dimple-cleft chin, the full but delicate lips, the straight Grecian nose, to the high, broad forehead, and as expressionless!

Græme Douglass was not much given to speculations about womankind; but he often found himself wondering at Miss Brown—so young, and with such capacities of beauty slumbering in that exquisite but icy-cold face.

The third person of whom our story treats was Seaforth Stickney, a frail-looking, care-worn old man, whose desk stood next to that of Miss Brown. He was often absent from his post through illness. Then Miss Brown would hurry through her allotted work, and make up his books for him, watchful that his books did not run behind, as in that case the remedy was sure to be a prompt and decisive one—dismissal.

One morning he was absent as one of the heads of the department came in to confer with Græme Douglass

SKEERY LUCY.

Alderman Plunkett Tells Another Story of War Times in Georgia.

"Skeery Lucy—that's what they called her," said Plunkett as he chunked the fire and seated himself in the corner.

"As a little girl at school the teacher called her 'Timid Lucy,' but all the scholars knowed her as 'Skeery Lucy,' for she went by that name among all the settlement folks.

"When she growed up and got married she was just the same, and when John, her old man, would be a little late in getting home at night, he'd find her shut up tight in the house with the doors all locked and every table and old bench and chairs up ergin them, and when John would knock at the door and tell her who it was, he'd have to stand and wait till she moved these things away before he could open the door, and then he'd scold her for being such a dunce, but she'd just laugh and say:

"'You know I was "skeery" 'fore you married me.'

"The name of 'Skeery Lucy' clung to her for a long time, and I guess she deserved it, fer she'd squeal at a lizard or a frog, and take a fit, almost, if she seed a snake, but when old Sherman come down here she done what most any man would erbin erfraid to do, and they quit calling her 'Skeery Lucy' after that, and that's what I want to tell you erbout.

"She was left with four little children to scuffle for when John went off to Virginia, and it was mighty hard getting along at best, but as the armies got nearer and nearer things got scarcer and scarcer, and Lucy got scarier than ever. The big guns could [be heard] for a long time before we [saw the] Yankees, and Lucy just look[ed like she] couldn't stand it, and the [folks in th]e settlement said she'd die just from fright and anx[iety].

"[E]verybody had to scuffle, and [one mo]rning Lucy waked up with not [a bi]t of bread in the house, and the [child]ren were swinging onto her dress [and] apron crying for something to eat, and there was no other way but for her to start out and get a little meal for 'em. She shut the children up in the house and put out across the field to the mill, and they, poor little things, had been taught by their mammy to be afraid, and there they sat, all in a huddle as scared as rabbits at everything that cracked or made a fuss, and whispered to each other.

"Sherman's army was on the move, making for the railroad—they'd got down the night before and Lucy didn't know it.

"Hardee's army was moving to meet the Yankees and to keep them from the railroad, and Lucy didn't know nothing erbout that.

"She had just got to the mill and stepped upon the platform when down through the woods came Hardee's line of battle at a double quick, and before she had time to think they were past, throwed out skirmishers, and were expecting every minute to meet the Yankees.

"Sherman's line was coming toward Hardee, and it was only a question of a few minutes till the fight would begin.

"Lucy thought of her little children, shut up in the house, and knowed how scared they'd be when they heard so many men marching.

"She started in a run toward her house, intending to get there before Hardee's troops did. But old Sherman was coming, and it would only be a minute till there would be warm times between Lucy and her house.

"The skirmishers began to pop their guns up and down the line, and here come a battery dashing through a road in the woods and unlimbered in a twinkling and let in, and then the fight had started.

"Lucy's house was between the two lines. She seed a shell hit the chimney and scatter the bricks and rocks. She thought of her four little children that were huddled up and couldn't get out and she didn't stop.

"The balls were flying thick from one line of battle to the other, but she dashed through Hardee's line and went up through the cotton patch the same as a deer. The soldiers screamed: 'Come back! Lay down! You'll be killed!' and sich like, but through it all she went and dashed ergin the door, and fell in ermong her little children.

"Just then a bomb struck one corner of the house and scattered splinters everywhere. The children were clinging to her and er screaming at the top of their voices. Another shell hit the house and tore away one gable end, and the Minie balls were pattering the same as hail. She grabbed the smallest child up on her left arm and made the rest jine hands, and then took hold of the end child's hand and out they dashed into the open field between the two armies.

"The Yankee line was the first to see them as they went stumbling, falling, and rolling over the cotton rows, and they yelled like madmen:

"'A truce, a truce, a truce!'

"Then Hardee's men seed what was the matter, and they waved their caps and jumped up an down and yelled:

"'A truce, a truce, a truce!'

"In less time than it takes to tell you, the firing ceased and a hundred men from Hardee's line rushed for the children and Lucy, and the first one to them grabbed 'em in their arms and were back over the hill in a minute, and then the fight went on.

"She's never been called 'Skeery Lucy' from that day to this, and old Sherman said the next day that he would erlost the battle rather than to have killed so brave a woman. But there are others, who say that any mother would erdone the same thing."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

How Cuban Dances Become German

Sitting on the piazza, one hot summer's afternoon, at my seaside resort in New Hampshire, I saw two Italian pipers trudging along the road—veritable *pifferari* they looked like, with legs bandaged up to the knee, cross-gathered, and covered with dust. Halloo! I said to myself, here is a chance to note down something fresh from the Tyrol; and as they prepared to play right in front of me I took out pencil and paper and noted down the tune.

My disappointment can be imagined when I found with the exception of the opening eight or ten bars the tune was "Climbing up the Golden Stairs." These fellows had evidently picked up this popular air from hearing the bands at summer hotels play it and moonlight banjo parties sing it; and I have no doubt the pipers have by this time returned to their native land and that the tune will soon return to us a veritable Italian one. One fellow played the melody on a kind of oboe, and the other accompanied him on a sort of bagpipe.

This incident made quite an impression upon me; for a little while previous, after playing my own arrangement of a Cuban dance, I was asked by a distinguished New York musical critic why I called it "Cuban," when it was a popular German students' song. Not having seen the notes of the German version, I have no means of knowing whether the two melodies are identical, or merely resemble each other, but have no doubt that my Cuban air has been exported or imported in much the same way that the "Golden Stairs" were "climbing."—*Richard Hoffman, in The Century.*

In one of our street cars the other day a rural rooster entered and seated himself without attempting to pay his fare, says the New Orleans *Picayune.* The driver said: "Captain, put your nickel in the box, please." "Oh, no," said the rooster with a knowing smile, "It didn't play no music when the man ahead of me put in his nickel. The thing's out of order and don't work. I've traveled, I have. No music, no nickel."

THE STORY OF AN EXILE.

The following from the *Century* is one of the most touching stories that Mr. Kennan has yet told of the fate of Siberian exiles: "To me perhaps the most attractive and sympathetic of the Tomsk exiles was the Russian author Felix Volkhofski, who was banished to Siberia for life in 1878, upon the charge of 'belonging to a society that intends, at a more or less remote time in the future, to overthrow the existing form of government.' He was about thirty-eight years of age at the time I made his acquaintance, and was a man of cultivated mind, warm heart, and high aspirations. He knew English well, was familiar with American history and literature, and had, I believe, translated into Russian many of the poems of Longfellow. He spoke to me with great admiration, I remember, of Longfellow's 'Arsenal at Springfield,' and recited it to me aloud. He was one of the most winning and lovable men that it has ever been my good fortune to know; but his life had been a terrible tragedy. His health had been shattered by long imprisonment in the fortress of Petropavlovsk; his hair was prematurely white; and when his face was in repose there seemed to be an expression of profound melancholy in his dark brown eyes. I became intimately acquainted with him and very warmly attached to him; and when I bade him good-bye for the last time on my return from Eastern Siberia in 1886, he put his arms around me and kissed me, and said: 'George Ivanovitch, please don't forget us! In bidding you good-bye, I feel as if something were going out of my life that would never again come into it.'

"Since my return to America I have heard from Mr. Volkhofski only once. He wrote me last winter a profoundly sad and touching letter, in which he informed me of the death of his wife by suicide. He himself had been thrown out of employment by the suppression of the liberal Tomsk newspaper, the Siberian *Gazette;* and his wife, whom I remember as a pale, delicate, sad-faced woman, twenty-five or thirty years of age, had tried to help him support their family of young children by giving private lessons and by taking in sewing. Anxiety and overwork had finally broken down her health; she had become an invalid, and in a morbid state of mind, brought on by unhappiness and disease, she reasoned herself into the belief that she was an incumbrance, rather than a help, to her husband and her children, and that they would ultimately be better off if she were dead. A little more than a year ago she put an end to her unhappy life by shooting herself through the head with a pistol. Her husband was devotedly attached to her; and her death, under such circumstances and in such a way, was a terrible blow to him. In his letter to me he referred to a copy of James Russell Lowell's poems that I had caused to be sent to him, and said that in reading 'After the Burial' he vividly realized for the first time that grief is of no nationality; the lines, although written by a bereaved American, expressed the deepest thoughts and feelings of a bereaved Russian. He sent me with his letter a small, worn, leather match-box, which had been given by Prince Pierre Krapotkin to his exiled brother Alexander; which the latter had left to Volkhofski; and which Volkhofski had in turn presented to his wife a short time before her death. He hoped, he said, that it would have some value to me, on account of its association with the lives of four political offenders, all of whom I had known. One of them was a refugee in London, another was an exile in Tomsk, and two had escaped the jurisdiction of the Russian Government by taking their own lives.

"I tried to read Volkhofski's letter aloud to my wife; but as I recalled the higher character and lovable personality of the writer and imagined what this last blow of fate must have been to such a man,—in exile, in broken health, and with a family of helpless children dependent upon him,—the written lines vanished in a mist of tears, and with a choking in my throat I put the letter and the little match-box away.

"The Tsar may whiten the hair of such men as Felix Volkhofski in the silent bomb-roof casemates of the fortress, and he may send them in gray convict overcoats to Siberia; but a time will come, in the providence of God, when their names will stand higher than his on the roll of history, and when the record of their lives and sufferings will be of heroic inspiration to all Russians who love liberty and their country."

THE BOWSERS.

Mr. Bowser Comes Home and Finds That the Cook Has Left. He Essays to Fill the Vacant Place.

Mr. Bowser came home the other afternoon just in time to meet the cook going away with her bundle and he rushed into the house to inquire:

"I suppose you've gone and done it again?"

"What?"

"Abused and maltreated the girl until her sense of justice has compelled her to leave?"

"I hadn't anything to do with her leaving."

"Then who had? She looked heart-broken as I passed her just now."

"Did she? Poor thing? She got a letter this morning from her aunt in Canada, telling her that she had been left $5,000 in cash, and advising her to come home and marry a man who owns three farms. She must feel very sorrowful!"

"Humph! And you didn't put too much work on her?"

"No."

"Nor make her feel her position?"

"No. Her position was in the parlor about half the time."

"Well, it seems very queer to me that so many of our girls leave. Everything will be upset now for a week, I suppose."

"Oh, no. You can cook, you know, and you are such a sympathetic soul that you ought to be willing to go into the kitchen for a day or two. I shall depend on you, Mr. Bowser."

"Oh, you will? Not satisfied with driving a dozen poor souls to destruction, you want a rub at me. I wouldn't have your spirit for all the money in the world!"

He went away with that, but he was home an hour earlier than usual, and when I inquired the cause he said:

"What for? Why, the child and I have got to have something to eat haven't we, and who's to cook it if I don't take hold?"

"I can cook."

"Mrs. Bowser, I've long felt it my duty to give you a few lessons in the culinary art. I have held off, hoping your pride would force you to take hold, but the limit has been reached. The time has come when I must sacrifice my business to enter my kitchen and prevent my child from feeling the pangs of hunger."

"Please don't."

"But I will! I'm driven to it. I've got a wife who can't cook the north-west end of a last year's turnip, and who can't keep a cook over a week at a time. I've put up with it too long—much too long, Mrs. Bowser. I must sacrifice my dignity to preserve the life of my child."

"Shan't I help you get supper?"

"Not a help. You'd only be in the way. Just sit down in the rocker, Mrs. Bowser, put your feet on the lounge, get a cud of gum in your mouth, and sit and chew and chew, and think what mean things you are going to say to the next girl to drive her away. When supper is ready I will call your royal highness."

He disappeared with that.

When he reached the kitchen he took off his cuffs and coat, pushed up his sleeves, and kindled a fire. His confidence began to desert him at this point, and he seemed to be studying deeply as he filled the teakettle even full and set it to boil. I had some fresh beefsteak in the ice-box, and he got it out, scratched his head in a thoughtful way and laid it on the kitchen table. Then he went down cellar after the hatchet, wiped the head of it on his right leg, and pounded away until a good share of the steak had gone into the board.

Mr. Bowser's next move was to hunt behind the pantry door for a spider which we had never used. He carried it to the kitchen towel, gave it a wipe, and then placed it on the stove. He had heard that grease was necessary, and he put in some butter, dropped in his steak, and soon had it sizzing. Then he started in for the biscuit. He got down the dish-pan, filled it almost full, and then reflected for a moment. I took advantage of the occasion to open the door and remark:

"Mr. Bowser, you needn't figure on an elaborate supper, under the circumstances. Just make a cup of tea and we'll get along."

"Mrs. Bowser, you ought to know by this time that there is no ... work with me," he replied with ... frigidity. "You can afford to neg[lect] the comfort of this family, but I c[an]not. Please return to your gum and your novel."

Then he went ahead just as any other husband would.

He had heard about soda and shortening in biscuit, and he mixed the flour with cold water, put in pepper and salt, slashed off half a pound of butter and stirred it in, and then remembered the baking-powder. There was nearly a quarter of a pound in the box and the whole of it went in.

How Mr. Bowser managed to get a grease spot between his shoulderblades, flour in his hair, and baking-powder in his hind pocket I do not know, but it was probably while he was rolling that mass out. He didn't trifle with the mixing-board, but used the spot where he had pounded the beef. I heard the mass of dough fall on the floor three different times with a dull thud, but he wasn't a bit discouraged. He got it rolled out at last, cut some biscuits with a teacup, and presently the oven door shut on his tins. He had just forty biscuit.

By this time the steak had burned black on both sides and he set it down behind the stove and prepared the tea. To two quarts of water he used one teaspoonful. Ten minutes later he summoned me to the banquet. He had the tablecloth on crisscross, the butter on a pie-plate, the cake in the cheese-dish, and his beafsteak was placed in the center of the table on a pie-tin.

"Anything wrong?" he asked as I sat down.

"Oh, no. You have done spendidly."

"I am aware of it. This table has never looked so homelike before."

His biscuits were raw in the middle, while top and bottom were so wonderfully and fearfully made that I had to laugh.

"The biscuit; you can't beat them. Wait till you taste one."

I didn't taste, but he did. I was watching him, and a look of horror came over his face at the first mouthful. He wouldn't give in, however, but crowded a whole biscuit down and pretended to enjoy it.

"I wouldn't eat any of that steak, Mr. Bowser," I said, as he eyed it suspiciously.

"Wouldn't you? Perhaps you want it all yourself."

"I don't think it is properly cooked."

"Well, I do. If that isn't a nice steak then we have never had one in this house."

He ate at least a quarter of a pound, though every morsel choked him. I offered to wash up the dishes, but he put me out of the kitchen and went ahead. He washed everything together in the flour-pan, wiped them on whatever he could find loose, and it was a week before we got the pantry in order again. That night, after bragging of what a breakfast he was going to get, Mr. Bowser was taken with chills and colic, and when the doctor came and I showed him the beef and the biscuit he said:

"Mr. Bowser, if you hadn't the stomach of a shark you'd have been dead an hour ago. You'd better quit this sort of nonsense if you want to live the year out."

And as soon as we were alone Mr. Bowser turned on me with:

"Don't expect me to shield you again! Your jealousy prompted you to put poison into that flour while I was down cellar! If this thing occurs again I will send you to the gallows!" *Detroit Free Press.*

Emile Zola's "Le Reve" is to be turned into an opera by M. Bruneau, of Paris, a pupil of Massenet.

"Yankee Doodle" in Ghent.

After the American and British plenipotentiaries had signed the treaty of peace in 1814, the authorities in the city of Ghent proposed to give a grand musical entertainment in honor of the event. Of course they wished to have the national airs of the two countries performed by the bands.

Accordingly the band-master called upon the American gentlemen to get our national air. The Envoys were divided between "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," but a majority finally voted for the latter. Then the band-master, turning to John Quincy Adams, said:

"Please give me the air."

Mr. Adams looked at Mr. Clay, and said, "Please give it to him. I can't; I never sung or whistled a tune in my life."

"Neither did I," said Mr. Clay.

Mr. Bayard and the other Envoy all answered in like manner. No one could sing nor whistle, and the situation became embarrassing. Finally Mr. Clay said, "Call John"—his colored man.

John came in, wondering what could be wanted.

"John, whistle 'Yankee Doodle' for this gentleman."

John was more musical, or less bashful, than his white brethren, and at once struck up the tune.

The musician took down the air, arranged the harmony, and on the next day "Yankee Doodle" was performed in grand style as the national air of the United States.

Vain of Her Eyes and Lost Them.

About a year ago one of the most lovely girls in the state lived at No. 40 Orange avenue in this city. A pair of large, liquid blue eyes set off a face that would put any picture to shame, and her form was simply perfect. The young lady was highly educated and possessed all the qualities that go to make up a society belle. Her parents are well to do, and she has wanted for nothing since she was old enough to prattle. But she had one fault, and that fault has proved her undoing. It is called vanity. She fairly worshiped her own eyes, and did everything in her power to make them more beautiful than they were. She used numerous drugs before she found what she wanted. This last drug made her eyes sparkle like diamonds, and she used it to such an extent that her right eye began to shrivel. This brought her to her senses and the family physician was called in. But he came too late, and informed the poor girl that she must lose one of her eyes sure and probably both. The right eye was taken out some time ago, and she has lost all sight in the left and will be blind for life. It is one of the saddest cases that was ever brought to light in this city.—*Los Angeles (Cal.) Times.*

His Life Saved by a Present of Flowers.

A beautiful girl drove out to the Sand Hills and gave Dr. Sollace Mitchell a magnificent boquet of flowers for a certain one of the patients (mentioning him by name.) When asked by the doctor, "Who shall I say brought them?" the young lady, blushing deeply, replied: "Never mind the name; just give them to him." "It's strange how some things will help along a sick man," said the doctor. "There was this fellow in a bad fix with the fever and as soon as I told him that a young lady who refused to give her name had sent him these flowers, which she had brought out herself to the Sand Hills, the patient smiled and began to mend from that very minute, and now is out of danger."—*Savannah News.*

One of the natural curiosities at Antelope Creek, in Butte Creek Valley, about a mile from the residence of W. J. Bray, is a cave which contains superior ice all the year round.

NOW RE[ADY]

THE

CO-OPERATIVE PRESS

ASSOCIATION,

Is now supplying ready Prints to its members at the following Cash Prices.

5 column folio, 12 cents;
6 column folio, 14 cents;
7 column folio, 15 cents;
8 column folio, 15 cents;
5 column quarto, 17 cents;
6 column quarto, 20 cents;
7 column quarto, 23 cents;

These Prices are Without Advertising.

Members Control ALL the advertising space in these sheets, and receive monthly their remittances for advertisments that are inserted on the ready Print side.

Send in your Orders and Sub-Heads

—TO—

CO-OPERATIVE PRESS

ASSOCIATION,

ROOM 15,

S. E. Cor. Clark and Van Buren St.,

CHICAGO, ILL.

This sheet is a sample of the work. Sheets sent only on *Cash* or *C. O. D.*

L. B. HILLES, Manager.

TO MEMBERS AND OTHERS.

GENTLEMEN;

The combinations existing between the ready print houses, type founders and dealers in all sorts of printing material, renders co-operation on the part of publishers necessary, for self protection and the economy necessary to living profits.

The importance of this movement must be apparent to every publisher. In the first place, it will be admitted that the advertising patronage of a newspaper is its chief source of revenue. This ought to belong to the publisher and be within his control, but so far as foreign advertising is concerned, it has come to be literally of no value to the publishers. The ready print houses reserve 100 inches of space which they frequently crowd up to 120, and manage to take all the best contracts out of the hands of the publishers. What is left the advertising "agents" so-called, gobble up and beat the publishers out of.

The ready print houses and advertising agents together are using perhaps 150 inches of space in each newspaper. This space ought to average in the neighborhood of $15.00 a week to the publishers. What does it bring them?

There is probably nothing that has any commercial value whatever, of which the price is so badly demoralized as that of advertising space. Other industries find means of protecting the price of their commodity, to some extent. Cannot publishers of newspapers do the same? The publishers of this country are being literally robbed of an income of somewhat between two and five million dollars a year. What other industry would stand this, when it could be saved simply by co-operation in the management of their own business?

One man could contract the foreign advertising for all the newspapers in this country and one per cent. on the amount would pay him a very large salary. Furthermore if the publishers would co-operate together they could dictate rates instead of being dictated to.

The Co-Operative Press Association is a movement in this direction. It is not intended, as some appear to think, simply to build up a ready print business. It seeks to remedy the evils above complained of; and as a preliminary move, to take the advertising space out of the hands of ready print houses and place in the hands of the publishers. We ask all publishers who have their own interests and the interests of the fraternity at heart to join this moevment. Let the ready print houses furnish sheets at a fair price and leave the advertising space to the publishers and we care not who furnishes the prints. The publishers may then, by co-operation, secure a fair rate for their space. At present it is impossible for them to bid against the ready print houses on advertising to be inserted in their own papers, as the space costs the ready print houses nothing.

It is believed that the advertising space ordinarily used by the ready print houses can be made to pay for the prints, at least. Several contracts for advertising have already been secured at prices which confirm this belief.

The object of organizing with a capital stock is to hold our membership together, to give force and strength to the movement and place the Association in a position where it can supply its members with prints, if it should become necessary.

If you have not received a copy of our by-laws send for same.

Very Respectfully,

THE CO-OPERATIVE PRESS ASSOCIATION,

L. B. HILLES, *Secretary.*

Chicago Horse Market Directory.

F. J. BERRY & CO.,

SALE AND COMMISSION DEALERS

in all kinds of HORSES AND MULES. Located at the Union Stock Yards Stables, CHICAGO.

Having a very extensive shipping trade, as well as a large retail city trade, are prepared to receive and sell large consignments of horses daily. ...

THROUGH CAR LINE FROM AND TO

CINCINNATI

WITH THROUGH CAR SERVICE BETWEEN

CINCINNATI and INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI and TOLEDO and DETROIT, CINCINNATI and CHICAGO, CINCINNATI and ST. LOUIS
CINCINNATI and DAYTON and RICHMOND, CINCINNATI and FT. WAYNE and GRAND RAPIDS, CINCINNATI and GREENVILLE and VAN WERT

With THROUGH RECLINING CHAIR CAR between
Cincinnati, Decatur and Springfield, Ills. and Keokuk, Iowa, (daily)

PARLOR CHAIR CARS ON DAY, and SLEEPERS ON NIGHT TRAINS, "YEAR ROUND."

Ask for Tickets via. C. H. & D. R. R.

For full information, Tickets, Sleeping car space, &c., Inquire of or Address,
W. H. Fisher, Gen'l Agt., Indianapolis, Ind. — W. H. Whittlesey, Central Pass'r Agt., Dayton, O.
John Bastable, District Pass'r Agt, Toledo, O. — D. B. Tracy, Northern Pass'r Agt., Detroit, Mich.
Wm. A. Wiggins, Southern Passenger Agent, Chattanooga, Tenn.
J. G. Mason, City Passenger Agent, Cincinnati, O.
Or General Passenger Agent's Office. No. 200 W. Fourth St. Cincinnati, O
C. C. WAITE, Vice-Pres't & Gen'l Manager. — CHAS. H. ROCKWELL, Gen'l Pass'r & Ticket Agent

Williams Bros.,

General Merchants!

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CLOTHING,
FURNISHING GOODS, GLOVES AND MITTENS,
CARPETS, RUGS, FELTS AND RUBBERS,
BOOTS AND SHOES, GROCERIES, PAINTS & OILS.

HARDWARE!
Garland Coal and Wood Heaters, Ranges and Wood Cooks.

MILK CANS--The Best Made and Heaviest Stock in the country.

Gloss Building Paper, Etc.--The most complete and general stock in Lake County, all at the lowest prices.

Highest Prices Paid for Butter and Eggs.

At the Old Stand for Past 17 Years.

We Announce

To our patrons that having the Choicest Selection from the Stock of

BEST & CO

NEW YORK,
And shall add from time to time

Novelties in Children's Clothing

as rapidly as exhibited in their establishment, and we will sell them at the same price.

HARVEY BROS

FINE
Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods!

84 and 86 State St., - Chicago, Ill.

In our Custom Department we are making to order the finest production of the

World's Looms in Artistic Workmanship

At a considerable moderation of price from Tailors' charges.
We also have a full line of (staple at all times)

OUR OWN MAKE READY-MADE CLOTHING.

. PRICE. ESTABLISHED 1874. J. E. KEITH.

PRICE & KEITH,
WHOLESALE COMMISSION

BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, VEAL,

Poultry, Beans, Apples, Car Lot Potatoes, &c., &c.
Cold Storage Cellar for Butter.

135 and 137 SOUTH WATER STREET, - CHICAGO, ILL.

REFERENCES BY PERMISSION:
J. V. Farwell & Co., Chicago. | Delaware County Bank, Manchester, Iowa.
M. D. Wells & Co., Wholesale Boots and Shoes, " | Hon. L. Bresee, Banker, Portage, Wis.
Meadowcroft Bros., Bankers, " | And all Commercial Agencies.

F. BAIRSTOW,
SUCCESSOR TO BAIRSTOW BROS.

MONUMENTAL WORKS!

F. BAIRSTOW, Genesee St., near New Bridge, Coal Yards near Depot, WAUKEGAN

An Ordinanse for a Main Water Pipe.

ON CENTRAL AVENUE.

SEC. 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Highland Park, That a cast iron lateral main water supply pipe six inches internal diameter, be and is hereby ordered to be constructed and laid along and under Central Avenue, from the east line of Green Street to the west line of Dale Avenue in said City, and there shall be constructed a six inch sheet of valve at the artesian well on said Avenue, and a six inch shut off valve at the junction of said Avenue with Port Clinton Avenue in said City. Said main to connect with the artesian well on said Central Avenue and to be supplied with water therefrom, and to be a part of a general system of water works to be constructed in said City.

SEC. 2. Said water pipe herein ordered to be constructed and laid, shall be made of cast iron, bell and socket pipe of medium grade, the joints run and calked with lead; said pipe to be laid in the ground along said route herein before described at a depth of not less than four feet below the surface of the avenue and at all street intersections there shall be suitable crosses and tees for fire hydrants, all ends of crosses and ties to be plugged where necessary, all crosses and ties to be of same material as said pipe.

SEC. 3. The cost of constructing and laying said pipe at all street crossings between the terminal points of said improvement, shall be paid from the fund appropriated for water purposes.

SEC. 4. The said improvement shall be made, and the cost thereof paid for by special taxation upon the contiguous property touching or abutting on either side of said avenue in proportion to the frontage thereof upon the avenue in accordance with article nine (9) of an Act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, entitled, "An Act to provide for the Incorporation of Cities and Villages," approved the tenth day of April, A. D. 1872, and adopted by the said city by election held the sixth day of December, A. D. 1875.

SEC. 5. That W. O. Hipwell, M. Moses and John Finney be and they are hereby appointed Commissioners to make an estimate of the cost of said improvement, including labor, materials, and all other expenses attending the same, and the cost of making and levying the assessment therefor.

SEC. 6. This ordinance shall be in force from and after its passage and publication.

Passed Nov. 13, 1888.
[SEAL.] Approved Nov. 13, 1888.
P. T. Turnley, Mayor.

Attest:
John Finney, City Clerk.

An Ordinance for a Main Water Pipe.

ON PORT CLINTON AVENUE.

SEC. 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Highland Park, That a cast iron lateral main water supply pipe six and four inches internal diameter, be and is hereby ordered to be constructed and laid along and under Port Clinton Avenue from Central Avenue to a point on said Port Clinton Avenue one hundred feet north of the north line of Maple Avenue in said City, the internal diameter of said pipe to be six inches, from Central Avenue to the centre of the intersection of Port Clinton Avenue with Elm Place, and four inches internal diameter to said point one hundred feet north of Maple Avenue. Said main to connect with the main to be laid on Central Avenue, and there shall be constructed a six inch shut off valve at said junction with Central Avenue.

SEC. 2. Said water pipe herein ordered to be constructed and laid, shall be made of cast iron, bell and socket pipe of medium grade, the joints run and calked with lead; said pipe to be laid in the ground along said route herein before described at a depth of not less than four feet below the surface of the street, and at all street intersections there shall be laid suitable crosses and tees for fire hydrants, all ends of crosses and ties to be plugged where necessary, all crosses and ties to be of same material as said pipe.

SEC. 3. The cost of constructing and laying said pipe at all street crossings between the terminal points of said improvement, shall be paid from the fund appropriated for water purpurposes.

SEC. 4. The said improvement shall be made, and the cost thereof paid for by special taxation upon the contiguous property touching or abutting on either side of said avenue in proportion to the frontage thereof upon the avenue, in accordance with article nine (9) of an Act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, entitled, "An Act to provide for the Incorporation of Cities and Villages," approved the tenth day of April, A. D. 1872, and adopted by the said city by election held the sixth day of December, A. D. 1875.

SEC. 5. That W. O. Hipwell, M. Moses and John Finney be and they are hereby appointed Commissioners to make an estimate of the cost of said improvement, including labor, materials, and all other expenses attending the same, and the cost of making and levying the assessment therefor.

SEC. 6. This ordinance shall be in force from and after its passage and publication.

Passed Nov. 13, 1888.
[SEAL.] Approved Nov. 13, 1888.
T. T. Turnley, Mayor.

Attest:
John Finney, City Clerk.

An Ordinance for a Main Water Pipe.

ON ST. JOHNS AVENUE.

SEC. 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Highland Park, That a cast iron lateral main water supply pipe six and four inches internal diameter, be and is hereby ordered to be constructed and laid along and under St. Johns Avenue from the centre of its intersection with Elm Place southerly to the north line of Lincoln Avenue. The internal diameter of said pipe to be six inches from Elm Place to the centre of its intersec[tion] with Laural Avenue, and four [inches] internal diameter from said poi[nt on] Laural Avenue south to Lin[coln] Avenue. Said main to connect w[ith] and intersect the main to be laid [on] Central Avenue in said City, and there shall be constructed a suitable shut off valve six inches in diameter at Laurel Avenue.

SEC. 2. Said water pipe herein ordered to be constructed and laid, shall be made of cast iron, bell and socket pipe of medium grade, the joints run and calked with lead; said pipe to be laid in the ground along said route herein before described at a depth of not less than four feet below the surface of the avenue, and at all street intersections there shall be laid suitable crosses and ties for fire hydrants, all ends of crosses and tees to be plugged where necessary, all crosses and ties to be of same material as said pipe.

SEC. 3. The cost of constructing and laying said pipe at all street crossings between the terminal points of said improvement, shall be paid from the fund appropriated for water purposes.

SEC. 4. The said improvement shall be made, and the cost thereof paid for by special taxation upon the contiguous property touching or abutting on either side of said avenue in proportion to the frontage thereof upon the avenue, in accordance with article nine (9) of an Act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, entitled, "An Act to provide for the Incorporation of Cities and Villages," approved the tenth day of April, A. D. 1872, and adopted by the said city by election held the sixth day of December, A. D. 1875.

SEC. 5. That W. O. Hipwell M. Moses and John Finney be and they are hereby appointed Commissioners to make an estimate of the cost of said improvement, including labor, materials, and all other expenses attending the same, and the cost of making and levying the assessment therefor.

SEC. 6. This ordinance shall be in force from and after its passage and publication.

Passed Nov. 13, 1888.
[SEAL.] Approved Nov. 13, 1888.
P. T. Turnley, Mayor.

Attest:
John Finney, City Clerk.

An Ordinance for a Main Water Pipe.

ON ELM PLACE AND LINDEN PARK PLACE.

SEC. 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Highland Park, That a cast iron lateral main water supply pipe four inches internal diameter, be and is hereby ordered to be constructed and laid along and under Elm Place and Linden Park Place from the centre of the intersection of Elm Place with Port Clinton Avenue, thence east on Elm Place to Linden Park Place thence east on Linden Park Place to its east terminus, said main to connect with the main to be constructed on Port Clinton Avenue, and there shall be constructed a four inch shut off valve at the junction of Port Clinton Avenue with Elm Place.

SEC. 2. Said water pipe herein ordered to be constructed and laid, shall be made of cast iron, bell and socket pipe of medium grade, the joints run and calked with lead; said pipe to be laid in the ground along said route herein before described at a depth of not less than four feet below the surface of the street, and at all street intersections there shall be laid suitable crosses and ties for fire hydrants, all ends of crosses and ties to be plugged where necessary, all crosses and tees to be of same material as said pipe.

SEC. 3. The cost of constructing and laying said pipe at all street crossings between the terminal points of said improvement, shall be paid from the fund appropriated for water purposes.

SEC. 4. The said improvement shall be made, and the cost thereof paid for by special taxation upon the contiguous property touching or abutting on either side of said streets in proportion to the frontage thereof upon the street, in accordance with article nine (9) of an Act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, entitled, "Arr Act to provide for the Incorporation of Cities and Villages," approved the tenth day of April, A. D. 1872, and adopted by the said city by election held the sixth day of December, A. D. 1875.

SEC. 5. That W. O. Hipwell, M. Moses and John Finney be and they are hereby appointed Commissioners to make an estimate of the cost of said improvement, including labor, materials, and all other expenses attending the same, and the cost of making and levying the assessment therefor.

SEC. 6. This ordinance shall be in force from and after its passage and publication.

Passed Nov. 13, 1888.
[SEAL.] Approved Nov. 13, 1888.
P. T. Turnley, Mayor.

Attest:
John Finney, City Clerk.

An Ordinance for a Main Water Pipe.

ON PARK, GRAND BLUFF PLACE AND BELLE AVENUES.

SEC. 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Highland Park, That a cast iron lateral main water supply pipe four inches internal diameter, be and is hereby ordered to be constructed and laid along and under Park, Grand Bluff Place and Belle Avenues from the intersection of Park Avenue with Park Clinton Avenue, thence on Park Avenue to Grand Bluff Place, thence north on Grand Bluff Place to Belle Avenue, thence east on Belle Avenue to its east terminus, said main to connect with the main to be laid on Port Clinton Avenue, and there shall be constructed a four inch shut off valve at the junction of said Park Avenue with the main to be laid on Port Clinton Avenue.

SEC. 2. Said water pipe herein ordered to be constructed and laid, shall be made of cast iron, bell and socket pipe of medium grade, the joints r[un] and calked with lead; said pipe t[o be] laid in the ground along said [route] herein before described at a dep[th of] not less than four feet below th[e sur]face of the street, and at all stre[et in]tersections there shall be laid su[itable] crosses and ties for fire hydrant[s, all] ends of crosses and ties to be pl[ugged] [illegible]

[illegible] said improvement [shall be made, a]nd the cost thereof [paid for by spe]cial taxation upon the [contiguous pro]perty touching or abut[ting on either s]ide of said avenues in [proportion] to the frontage thereof up[on the said] avenues, in accordance with article nine (9) of an Act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, entitled, "An Act to provide for the Incorporation of Cities and Villages," approved the tenth day of April, A. D. 1872, and adopted by the said city by election held the sixth day of December, A. D. 1875.

SEC. 5. That W. O. Hipwell, M. Moses and John Finney be and they are hereby appointed Commissioners to make an estimate of the cost of said improvement, including labor, materials, and all other expenses attending the same, and the cost of making and levying the assessment therefor.

SEC. 6. This ordinance shall be in force from and after its passage and publication.

Passed Nov. 13, 1888.
[SEAL.] Approved Nov. 13, 1888.
P. T. Turnley, Mayor.

Attest:
John Finney, City Clerk.

An Ordinance for a Main Water Pipe.

ON LAUREL ANENUE.

SEC. 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Highland Park, That a cast iron lateral main water supply pipe six and four inches internal diameter, be and is hereby ordered to be constructed and laid along and under Laurel Avenue, from St. Johns Avenue east to the west line of Lake Avenue the internal diameter of said pipe to be six inches from St, Johns Avenue to the junction of Laurel with Prospect Avenues and four inches from said junction to the pest line of Lake Avenue said main to connect with the main to be constructed on St. Johns Avenue and there shall be constructed a six inch shut off valve at said junction with Prospect Avenue.

SEC. 2. Said water pipe herein ordered to be constructed and laid, shall be made of cast iron, bell and socket pipe of medium grade, the joints run and calked with lead; said pipe to be laid in the ground along said route herein before described at a depth of not less than four feet below the surface of the street, and at all street intersections there shall be laid suitable crosses and ties for fire hydrants, all ends of crosses and tees to be plugged where necessary, all crosses and ties to be of same material as said pipe.

SEC. 3. The cost of constructing and laying said pipe at all street crossings between the terminal points of said improvement, shall be paid from the fund appropriated for water purposes.

SEC. 4. The said improvement shall be made, and the cost thereof paid for by special taxation upon the contiguous property touching or abut ting on either of said avenue in proportion to the frontage thereof upon the avenue, in accordance with article nine (9) of an Act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinos, entitled, "An Act to provide for the Incorporation of Cities and Villiages," approved the tenth day of April, A. D. 1872, and adopted by said city election held the sixth day of December, A. D. 1875.

SEC. 5. W. O. Hipwell, M. Moses and John Finney be and they are hereby appointed Commissioners to make an estimate of said improvement, including labor, materials, and all other expenses attending the same, and the cost of making and levying the assessment therefor.

SEC. 6, This ordinance shall be in force from and after its passage, and publication..

Passed Nov. 13 1888.
[SEAL.] Approved Nov. 13, 1888.
P. T. Turnley, Mayor.

Attest:
John Finney, City Clerk.

An Ordinance for a Main Water Pipe.

ON PROSPECE AVENUE.

SEC. 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Highland Park, That a cast iron lateral main water supply pipe four inches internal diameter, be and is hereby ordered to be constructed and laid along and under Prospect Avenue from its junction with Laurel Avenue east to within twenty feet of the Bluff at Lake Michigan said main to connect with the main to be constructed on Laurel Avenue

SEC. 2. Said water pipe herein ordered to be constructed and laid, shall be made of cast iron, bell and socket pipe of medium grade, the joints run and calked with lead; said pipe to be laid in the ground along said route herein before described at a depth not less than four feet below the surface of the street, and at all street intersections there shall be laid suitable crosses and ties for fire hydrants all ends of crosses and tees to be plugged when necessary all crosses and ties to be of same material as said pipe.

SEC. 3. The cost of constructing and laying said pipe at all street crossings between the terminal points of said improvement, shall be paid from the fund appropriated for water purposes.

SEC. 4. The said improvement shall be made, and the cost thereof paid for by special taxation upon the contiguous property touching or abutting on either side of said avenue in proportion to the frontage thereof upon the avenue, in accordance with article nine (9) of an Act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, entitled, "An Act to provide for the Incorporation of Cities and Nillages," approved the tenth day of April, A. D. 1872, and adopted by the said city election held the sixth day of December, A. D. 1875.

SEC. 5. That W. O. Hipwell M. Moses and John Finney be and they are hereby appointed Commissioners to make an estimate of the cost of said improvement, including labor, materials, and all other expenses attending the same, and the cost of making and levying the assesment therefor.

SEC. 6. This ordiance shall be in force from and after its passage und publication.

Passed Nov. 13, 1888.
[SEAL.] Approved Nov. 13, 1888.
P. T. Turnley, Mayor

Attest:
John Finney, City Clerk.

An Ordinance for a Main Water Pipe.

ON HAZEL AVENUE,

SEC. 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Highland Park, That a cast iron lateral main water supply pipe four inches internal diameter, be and is hereby ordered to be constructed and laid along and under Hazel Avenue, from St. John Avenue east to the west line of Linden Avenue, said main to connect with the main to be laid on St. John Avenue and there shall be constructed a four inch shut off valve at said junction with St. Johns Avenue.

SEC 2. Said water pipe herein ordered to be constructed and laid, shall be made of cast iron, bell and socket pipe of medium grade, the joints run and calked with lead; said pipe to laid in the ground along said route herein before described at a depth of not less than four feet below the surface of the street and at all street intersections there shall be l id suitable crosses and ties for fire hpdrants, all ends of crosses and tees to be plugged when necessary, all crosses and ties to be of same material as said pipe.

SEC 3. The cost of construc ing and laying said pipe at all street crossings between the terminal points of said improvement, shall be paid from the fund appropriaten for water purposes.

SEC. 4. The said improvement shall be made, and the cost thereof paid for by special taxation upon the contiguous property touching or abutting on either side of said avenue in proportion to the frontage therof upon the avenue, in accordance with article nine (9) of an Act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, entitled, "An Act to provide for the Incorporation of Cities and Villages," aproved the tenth day of April, A. D. 1872, and adopted by the said city by election held the sixth day of December, A. D. 1875.

SEC. 5. That W. O. Hipwell, M. Moses and John Finney be and are hereby appointed Commissioners to make an estimate of the cost of said improvement, including labor, materials, and all other expenses attending the same, and the cost of making and levying the assement therefor.

SEC. 6. This ordiance shall be in force from and after its passage, and publication.

Passed Nov. 13, 1888.
[SEAL.] Approved Nov. 13, 1888.
P. T. Turnley, Mayor.

Attest:
John Finney, City Clerk.

An Ordinance for a Main Water Pipe.

ON RAVINE AVENUE.

SEC. 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Highland Park, That a cast iron lateral main water supply pipe four inches internal diameter, be and is hereby ordered to be construtted and laid along and under Ravine Avenue, from its junction with St. Johns avenue east to the west line of Linden Avenue in said City, said main, to connect with the main to be laid on St. Johns Avenue and there shall be constructed a four inch shut off valve at said junction with St. Johns Avenue.

SEC. 2. Said water pipe herein ordered to be constructed and laid, shall be made of cast iron, bell and socket pipe of medium grade, the joints run and calked with lead; said pipe to be laid in the ground along said route herein before described at a depth not less than four feet below the surface of the street, and at all street intersections there shall be laid suitable crosses and ties for fire hydrants, all ends of crosses and tees to be plugged when necessary, all crosses and ties to be of same material as said pipe.

SEC. 3. The cost of constructing and laying said pipe at all street crossings between the terminal points of said improvement, shall be paid from the fund appropriated for water purposes.

SEC. 4. The said improvement shall be made, and the cost thereof paid for by special taxation upon the contiguous property touching or abutting on either side of said avenue in proportion to the frontage thereof upon the avenue in accordance with article nine (9) of an Act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, entitled, "An Act to provide for the Incorporation of Cities and Villages," approved the tenth day of April, A. D. 1872, and adopted by the said city by election held the sixth day of December, A. D. 1875.

SEC. 5. That W. O. Hipwell, M. Moses and John Finney, be and they are hereby appointed Commissioners to make an estimate of the cost of saip improvement, including labor, materials, and all other expenses attending the same, and the cost of making and levying the assement therefor.

SEC. 6. This ordinance shall be in force from and after its passage, and publication.

Passed Nov. 13, 1888.
[SEAL.] Approved Nov. 13, 1888.
P. T. Turnley, Mayor.

Attest:
Jonn Finney, City Clerk.

An Ordinance for a Main Water Pipe.

ON HIGHLAND AVENUE.

SEC. 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Hiland Park, That a cast iron lateral main water supply pipe four inches internal diameter, be and is hereby ordered to be constructed and laid along and under Highland Avenue, from its junction with St. Johns Avenue to the west line of Liudkn Avenue in said City, said main to connect with the main to be laid on St. Johns Avenue, and there shall be constructed a four inch shut off valve at said junction with St. Johns Avenue.

SEC. 2. Said water pipe herein ordered to be constructed and laid, shall be made of cast iron, bell and socket pipe of medium grade, the joints run and calked with lead; said pipe to be laid in the ground along said route herein before described at a depth of not less than four feet below the surface of the street, and at all street intersections there shall be laid suitable crosses and ties for fire hydrants, all ends of crosses and ties to be plugged where necessary, all crosses and tees to be of same material as said pipe.

SEC. 3. The cost of constructing and laying said pipe at all street crossings between the terminal points of said improvement, shall be paid from the fund apdropriated for water purposes.

SEC. 4. The said improvement shall be made, and the cost paid for by special taxation upon the contiguous property touching or abutting on either side of said avenue in proportion to the frontage thereof upon the avenue, in acc rdance with article nine (9)oi an Act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, entitled, "An Act to provide for the Incorporation of Cities and Villrges," approved the tenth day of April, A. D. 1872, and adop ed by the said city by election held the siqth day of December, A. D. 1875.

SEC. 5. That W. O. Hipwell, M. Moses and John Finney, be and they are her by appointed Comissioners to make an estimate of the cost of said imwrovement, including labor materials, and all other expenses attending the same, and the cost of making and levying the a-sement therefor.

SEC. 6. This ordinance shall be in force from and after its passage, and publication.

Passed Nov. 13, 1888.
[SEAL.] Approved Nov. 13. 1888.
P. T. Turnley, Mayor.

Attest:
John Finney, City Clerk.

SIDEWALK ORDINANCE.

For Sidewalk on west side Marion street, from north line Lot one (1), Block twelve (12) Port Clinton addition to Highland Park, south to Bloom street.

Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Highland Park:

SEC. 1. That a sidewalk be constructed on the west side of Marion street immediately in front of the following described lots or parcels of land: Lots one (1), two (2), three (3), four (4), five (5) and six in Block twelve (12) Port Clinton First addition of the City of Highland Park and that the whole cost thereof be levied upon such lots or parcels of land, in proportion to their frontage upon such sidewalk.

SEC. 2. Said sidewalk shall be constructed under the supervision of the City Marshall and subject to his approval, as follows: To be of two-inch pine plank of sound quality, free from sap and rotten knots, the width of each plank to be uniform and not less than six nor more than ten inches wide, laid crosswise, made even, and planed on the top surface, the width of said walk to be five feet and four inches, and the inner and outer edge in a straight line, the inner edge of said walk to be eighteen inches from the lot line, said plank to be laid on not less than three bearings of pine joists of sound quality, two feet apart, of not less than three by four inches, each plank to be nailed to the bearings with not less than six thirty penny nails, two in each bearing, the outer bearing, to be no more than two inches from the edges of said walk, and said walk to be graded to at least an easy slope and connecting evenly with the adjoining walk, and when blocked up, such blocking to be done with pieces of new sound plank, not less than twelve inches long and not over six feet apart, spiked to the bearings and to each other when more than one piece is used.

SEC. 3. All owners of lots or parcels of land aforesaid, are hereby required to construct said sidewalk, in front of their respective land, within thirty days after date of publishing this ordinance; and in default thereof, said materials to be furnished and sidewalk constructed by said City.

SEC. 4. Said City Marshall shall certify to a bill of the cost of such sidewalk, constructed by said City, showing in seperate items the cost of grading, materials, laying down and supervision, and file it in the office of the City Clerk, together with a list of the lots or parcels of land touching upon the line of the said sidewalk, the the names of the owners thereot, and their frontage on said sidewalk.

SEC. 5. The City Collector is hereby designated the officer to collect the special tax herein provided, and to whom the warrants for the same shall be directed.

SEC. 6. The City Clerk shall comply with the provision of "An act to provide additional means for the construction of sidewalks in cities, towns and villages," in force in Illinois, July 1, A. D. 1875; and if any land is delinquent after return of warrant by said City Collector, then said Clerk shall make report of all such special tax, in writing, to the County Treasurer and *ex-officio* County Collector, prior to April 1 1889, as required by said act.

Passsed Nov, 22, 1888.
[SEAL] Approved Nov. 22, 1888.
P. T. Turnley, Mayor.

Attest:
John Finney, City Clerk.

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